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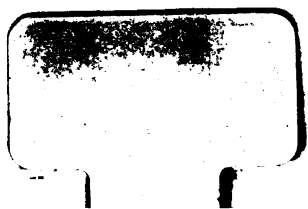
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MY DIARY
OF A
EUROPEAN TRIP
BY
AUGUST KOHN

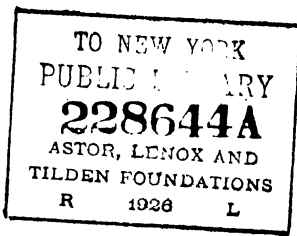
1. Europe - Description et travel, 1800-1918.



B. A. Elzas.

Kohn

BTZ A



FOREWORD.

In compiling this narrative of a summer spent in Europe Mr. Kohn was not writing for publication. The articles were prepared in fulfillment of a promise made to the members of his immediate family before leaving home to keep a record of the things seen by Mrs. Kohn and himself. It was some time after Mr. Kohn's return that he allowed me the privilege of reading this diary, most of it written on board trains and at night after the day's sight-seeing, and I subsequently persuaded him to permit its publication in *The Sunday News*. The articles ran for several months and they were read each Sunday by thousands of persons. The *Sunday News* has never published so popular a series of travel letters.

Mr. and Mrs. Kohn left New York on the "*Rotterdam*," of the Holland America Line, on July 2, 1912 and arrived at Plymouth July 10. Returning to America they left Cherbourg September 11, on the "*Kaiser Wilhelm II*," of the North German Lloyd and landed at Hoboken five days later. They visited London and its vicinity, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Milan, the Italian Lakes, Lucerne and the Jungfrau, Geneva, Heidelberg, Frankfurt, the Rhine and Cologne, Brussels and Paris. Mr. Kohn says that "if it were so that I had to make a single choice out of all the places visited on the Continent, my preference would be Paris. It combines more that is both historic and beautiful than any of the cities we visited." "Cologne and Brussels," he says again "have been the two distinct surprises of our trip. Of London and Berlin and the other places we expected much and what we saw, but the charm of these two cities was emphatic."

Mr. Kohn has not undertaken in his narrative to keep an exact and detailed record, or to write a guide book. His purpose has been to give impressions, and the reader will bear in mind that he was addressing himself primarily to his own children. The articles, however, are not only entertaining but, because of the special attention paid by Mr. Kohn to the business side of the metropolitan cities of Europe and his many clear cut observations about foreign manners and methods, they have a very distinct and permanent value.

ROBERT LATHAN.

Charleston, S. C., May 12, 1913.



ON BOARD THE "ROTTERDAM," July 2, 1912
Mr. and Mrs. August Kohn starting for Europe.

DIARY OF EUROPEAN TRIP

BY

^{O.C.}
AUGUST KOHN, 1868-
COLUMBIA, S. C.

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E.C.

more. Many of the houses built in the time of the Georges remain and are in daily use. The tendency is towards the suburban two and three story brick cottage, built in rows, with flower plot in front.

Familiar Aspect of the Wholesale District.

From the home district we were driven to the wholesale district, where the buildings are also two, three and possibly four stories high, without embellishment, very much like the wholesale district in Charleston, only more of it. Much of this section is on what is now made ground, recovered from the Thames. We are working towards Tower Bridge and London Tower, passing through part of what is called Dickens's London. We are told that vessels drawing 20 to 28 feet, high water, can come up the Thames. We crossed over to London Tower. On the embankment are a great number of striking dock hands. They are sitting around and before we leave the neighborhood we see a gathering of the men being addressed by a woman, on the rights of the men and incidentally on "votes for women." Before getting to the Tower we see the birthplace of William Penn and later visit the little church where he and his father worshipped.

The Historic London Tower.

London Tower is, perhaps, the most intensely interesting place in London, because of its romantic history and the many tragedies enacted in its walls. Our guide expressed it as "the most terrible and important (as the sovereign dynasties of Europe) place in the world." The guards, ticket takers and the like are veterans and pensioners. One old fellow I spoke to wore a row of eight medals, one being for service at Lucknow before our War for Southern Independence. The guards and watchmen, not the military, wear the red uniform of the Yeoman of the Guard, cap, uniform and all bestowed in the time of Henry VIII. After we enter the main gate we walk over the fill-in that was once under water and that was covered by the drawbridge. At the side is the inscription, "Traitor's Gate." This is an arch and in the early days when they thought as little of beheading as they did of sneezing the alleged traitors were brought by boat to the Tower under this arch and led to their prison. The fellow who

was to have the axe-exercise walked ahead with his axe over his shoulder. The story is told that the seven Bishops who refused to stand for William and Mary came through this arch and were acquitted and went out free. Very few, however, had this good fortune. All over the place they have tablets commemorating a beheading or telling a story of it. They have a block of wood in one show room marked: "Block on which Lord Lovat was executed April 9, 1749," and by the side is the real thing, the beheading axe. Out in the yard is a tablet on which is inscribed: "On this spot Queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded 19th May, 1536." There is no marker for the place where young Edward and his brother were murdered. Our guide is a doubter, but tells the story and shows where it is alleged they were killed. The clerical guide at Westminster in pointing out the tomb of the little princes who were suffocated in the Tower says their bones were removed from the Tower to Westminster and duly buried, and pass as such there.

We were taken into Beauchamp Tower, which is overstocked with stories of beheadings. We have a book dealing with the story of the prison. The larger building in the Tower is stocked with a museum collection of relics of all sorts. The Beauchamp Tower, where Lady Jane Gray and her husband and many others spent the evening before being beheaded, is just across the plaza from the main Tower building. As is so frequent here, there is much more in any one of these museums than one has the time to see. The building is largely devoted to souvenirs of war armor, styles of guns, cannons, pistols, instruments of torture, types of plain and embellished armor in the time of this or that King.

England's Crown Jewels.

The jewel room is in the Tower. It contains a large show case surrounded by smaller showcases and a walkway around the main case, in which the bona fide crowns of the King and Queen and the Emperor's, used last year in India. There are big and little crowns and coronets, gold plate galore, and diamonds and pearls to dazzle. There are various large and small gold pieces—a wine fountain presented by Plymouth to Charles II; the Maundy dish of William and Mary; the golden Ampulla and anointing

spoon, said to be the oldest piece in the collection; the christening font of Charles I (1660,) and so it goes, gold piece upon gold piece. There were no less than eight gold maces and a number of swords of State, all with their histories on card-boards. In a case at the side is the silver bugle used to announce: "The King is dead; long live the King." Our guide told us that but little of the gold before the time of Charles I was to be found, as he was hard up and probably sold the gold, and it was melted up.

The Imperial crown used at Delhi 1911 is very brilliant. It is almost a mass of diamonds. The Maltese cross is used in the designs. The African diamond (callinan) cut in two is used as part of the ornamentation of the service crown and the sceptre of State—a short gold wand like a piece of gold.

Old and New Styles of Architecture.

Our guide explained to us the styles of architecture in the building, the old and new. The Chapel of St John of Jerusalem is said to be the original Norman construction and was built by William Rufus 1116. Everything in the room—arches, ceiling, overhead walkways, walls and all are the original (1116) construction. The floor is new.

The original banquet hall is now a show-room for relics. The armor of Henry VIII, which is displayed, is said to actually weigh 81 pounds. Armors are shown from 1477 upto the time of its disuse. There are a lot of old ravens walking around the grounds, having the same protection as do the buzzards about Charleston.

The Tower is full of interest. A day could be well spent there, but we had to "move on" and we drove through the banking district, getting out of our carriage to look into the large building, covering a full block of the Bank of England. The building is unostentatious: the walls plain and one story; other banks not so rich have more ornate buildings. The guard at the door was in full regalia, red cap and long bright red coat, and 90 degrees in the shade!

We were then taken into Guild Hall, which is the City Hall; foundation 1250, and so it goes. There are 206 councilmen, 26 aldermen elected for life and two sheriffs. These latter spend about \$5,000 a year out of their own resources to get the job, as it gives them the centre of certain functions. The

voting here, as in Parliament, consists in taking seats on one side or another of the hall. We visited the various halls, banquet room, etc, and everywhere the statues, paintings and relics—the overshadowing custom all over England.

A Visit to St Paul's Cathedral.

Next we visited St Paul's Cathedral. This is one of the show places of London, ranking with Westminster Abbey. Just to show the habits of these folks, on the same walk leading up to the steps is a bronze tablet on which is inscribed: "On this spot, etc, came Queen Victoria to render thanks in celebration of the sixtieth year of her reign. She was too feeble to go into the church, so they quickly got the brass tablet down, date and all, and that is how they keep up with such things. St Paul's, like Westminster, is overcrowded with tombs, monuments, busts and tablets to the great, the near-great and the would-be great of Great Britain. St Paul's star attraction in the matter of tombs are those to Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. They have immense monuments over their tombs in the crypt. Gen Gordon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Moore, Cornwallis, Walter Besant, Sir John Millais, Sir Arthur Sullivan and very many others are buried there. Often there are monuments, sometimes life-size busts and tablets. One tablet is "In memory of the gallant men who in the discharge of their duty as special correspondents fell in the campaign of the Soudan, 1883-1884-1888." Then follows the names of the seven war correspondents and the papers to which they were attached, and where and when they died, headed by Edward O'Donovan. A tablet is erected to Achibald Forbes, war correspondent, still well remembered in Charleston, which he visited, and of which he wrote enthusiastically, and to Sir William H. Russell, said to have been the first war correspondent for a newspaper. Sir Christopher Wrenn, the architect of the building, is buried here. But there is so much of this that the grandeur of the buildings, the sentiment, the beautiful glow of light from the rich stained glasses, all must be seen to be appreciated. We have nothing like it yet in America.

Kensington, the Childhood Home of Queen Victoria.

Then we continued our drive to the National Picture Gallery on Trafalgar Square, through Pall Mall, by the Government offices to Westminster, the Houses of Parliament, Marlboro House, Kensington Gardens and Palace, St James's Palace, Buckingham Palace and back to lunch at the Hotel Cecil. In the afternoon we continued our drive with our most illuminating guide, a wonder storehouse of facts. We were shown various parks, palaces, homes of this and that duke or "plutocrat," and fashionable drives, and concluded our sight-seeing at Kensington, where Queen Victoria was born. The room in which the Queen

was born is shown and here, too, is a permanent marker in a splendid marble monument, the work of her daughter, Princess Louise. On the tablet is a recital of who made the monument, and that it is in front of the home in which Queen Victoria was born.

From Kensington Palace on back to our hotel by way of Hyde Park and Piccadilly is the fashionable residential section of London. Our guide told us that men pay one hundred pounds a year for a single room off Piccadilly. These homes seldom change hands, and, as is well known, up to the present very little property, particularly the larger estates, has changed hands, except by inheritance.

THE WONDERS OF ENGLAND'S CAPITAL.

We started out early and visited the London Central (meat) Market and later Convent Market, where flowers, fruits and vegetables are sold. In the Meat Market there are hundreds of stalls in which home, American and Australian, mostly the latter, meats are shown and sold. The Convent Market was much more interesting to us. The market is on lands belonging to the Duke of Bedford and we were told that his agent collects rents from the stall tenants and the wagons using the market each morning. Many wagons were standing loaded with potted flowers and stalls and showed the demand for flowers by offering them. Flowers are very, very common and most beautiful, and the rich and the poor have bright blooming flowers in their outside windows, in the gardens, and wherever possible. A bare garden is a rarity; a richly colored and resplendent floral display is usual. It is a charming custom. The seasons are propitious here for fine gardens and their care is encouraged by the excellent results shown and the pleasure to be derived therefrom. Fruit and vegetables are handled in baskets and hampers, rather than in boxes and barrels as with us. The corner shops and stores get their supplies from these central markets.

Thence we went to St Bartholomew's Hospital and Church. The Hospital, it is said, was founded in 1135 and in front of the Hospital, on Smithfield (smooth-field,) there were many fine burnings in the time of "Bloody Mary." William Wallace is said to have been hanged, drawn and quartered here. Mortimer also met his end on this field and so the story goes. St Bartholomew's looks about as unattractive now as it did centuries ago. It is said to have been erected in part in 1135. Like other churches here it has been a monastery, but now is an Anglican Church. All the surrounding property at one time belonged to the Catholic Church, but was taken from it. This was the only time we met anything like incivility in London. Our carriage was blocked by the heavy traffic around Convent Market and a laborer called out: "You had better get out and walk." Of course we waited awhile and then our carriage drove on.

The British Museum and its Treasures.

The British Museum, the pride of the English-speaking world, was visited and a hundred pages could be written on what we saw there. Printed books of that many pages are sold giving the mere catalogue of the various sections—the Library, archaeology and the like. The Museum is located on Russell street, the same as our Orangeburg thoroughfare. The parent building of the Museum was the home of Earl Russell. We first entered the Library, called the King's Library. A tablet in the room states that the Library was collected by George III, and given the British nation by George IV. It has, of course, been added to and is the largest collection on earth, save that of the National Library in Paris. Not only are books preserved here, but autographs, music, stamps and the like are collected and shown. The stamp collection of Thomas K. Tapling, M. P., under glass is shown. I was particularly interested in the wonderfully complete collection of Confederate stamps. We rushed through the sections devoted to clocks, watches, emeralds, rings, porcelain, arms, pipes, statuary and had no time to study any section in detail. There is so much.

One thing that impressed me was the display of rocks and baked clay cylinders bearing early records. One tall shaft (which looked like granite) was reputed to have been a record of laws recorded B. C., 2,200 in the time of Khammurabi, King of Babylon. An alabaster tablet was shown that inscribed the names, titles, services, conquests and building operations of Ashur-Nasir-Pal, King of Assyria, B. C., 885-860. These tablets were evidently marked with a stylus and then baked. The mummy department is most interesting and has many particularly fine specimens. Mummified Kings and Queens, big and little men and women of all castes and conditions were shown. But we had to move on so that we might get to Parliament during the hours that its halls are open to the public.

A Visit to Parliament.

We encountered at Parliament a very large crowd of sight-seers. It was the

only day of the week available for sight-seers and there are very many in London at this time. The Parliament building is on the Thames and is even larger than its pictures indicate, and even then the halls used for the House of Lords and particularly for the House of Commons are ridiculously small and stuffy. The six hundred and seventy members of Parliament on the House side have a hall about the size of the South Carolina Senate Chamber and even with the galleries, which members use, the membership could hardly be seated. There are abundant display rooms for monuments and pictures, but little space for work. In the centre of the hall, in the aisle, there is a tablet about which sit the clerks. At the front end of this table are two boxes, one at either end, and members when they address the body walked up to the box on their side and placing a hand on the box get the right and speak from there. This saves space and gives the floor to a certain speaker. The seats are arranged bench-like, running to and from the Speaker's seat, at the head of the hall. There is a central aisle. On one side of this central aisle sit the "ins" or the Administration, and on the other the "outs" or Opposition. There are cross-benches occupied by those who do not "line-up" with either side. Lord Rosebery is now leader of the "cross benches." The vote is simple. The division is taken by members sitting on the right or left of the Speaker and then being counted in groups as they sit. The same plan is pursued in the House of Lords. We went through the King's robing room, the Art Gallery, then into the House of Lords, and into the House of Commons. There was no session of Parliament, the week-end holiday was in force, and visitors had pretty full swing. They have their racks for the mace and sword-of-State. The sergeant-at-arms sits among the members in regalia. There are many monuments and excellent paintings in the various halls and rotunda. Monuments are on all sides, conspicuously those of the Prime Minister.

St Stephen's Hall, Where Charles I was Tried.

We then went into St Stephen's Hall. It is a large, almost bare hall. The guide is authority for the statement that it is the largest hall in the world without central support. The Pantheon

and St Peter's are not regarded as "halls." It is supported by its walls. The dome is said to be the same as was originally erected 1090-1240, but has been bodily raised. In this building important trials have been held. Charles I was tried and condemned in this hall. A bronze tablet marks the place where Charles stood when being tried. In former days the dead sovereigns were brought into St Stephen's, preceded by the crier. This practice was not followed after the death of George IV. Charles I was tried 1643-9 and the guide follows out the course he took to his execution, even showing the spot where he was executed. Charles I is quite a favorite with the English people now and Cromwell is strictly in the "down and out" class; even the clergy take a kick at him, now that his body was dug up out of Westminster and dumped in a hole outside the Abbey, unmarked by tomb or slab. His monument is directly across the street, at the side of the House of Parliament. Millions of Englishmen honor Cromwell, but there is no statue or memorial to him in the Houses of Parliament or in Westminster, which contain memorials to several worthless Kings. The only statue is on the outside and this was erected by private parties. This failure to recognize Cromwell is narrow and evidently the viewpoint of Kings. St Stephen's Hall is used for the purpose of having sovereigns lie in state. From the Parliament building we went over to Westminster Abbey, which is just across from the House of Parliament.

The Renowned Westminster Abbey.

Westminster is simply an immense and beautifully designed and constructed church building. It is exceedingly large, not so much in the main or central portion as by virtue of its wings, crypts, annexes and covered walks. The chief fame of Westminster is in that it is the burial place of many of England's sovereigns and that the coronation exercises incident to the crowning of a King or Queen are held in this building. In later days dead sovereigns are not buried in Westminster, but men distinguished in statecraft, art, literature and other things that have brought them fame, or they have a tablet or memorial erected to their memories. None of Queen Victoria's family, neither her children, her hus-

band nor any of her people are in Westminster. Our guide suggested that she thought Westminster was being made "too common," with actors and others with whom the Queen would not have associated in life. Prince Albert, consort, Edward VII, Queen Victoria and others are buried at Windsor or Frogmore, where the Queen had her mausoleum erected. As you enter Westminster in the main aisle there is an inscription in brass that beneath the tablet lies the body of William E. Gladstone. He wanted to be buried in Westminster "so that the common people could walk over his bones." In Westminster, as all over England, a slab is taken up from the floor of the church, the casket interred, the opening sealed up and a memorial slab, giving names and dates is placed over the grave. We saw hundreds of such graves in churches. Another method is to enclose the coffin in a marble or stone sarcophagus, mark it and put it off in some corner of the church where it remains for hundreds of years. In many cases, especially with princes, Kings, Queens and important churchmen, effigies of the incumbent are placed or carved on the sarcophagus. In early times these effigies, full length and size, were carved out of hard wood or alabaster, later out of brass or other metal, and more recently out of marble or stone. This applies not alone to Westminster, where it is observed in abundance, but in many other churches and memorials that we visited.

Poets' Corner and the Tombs of Sovereigns.

On entering, at the right are immense and expensive monuments and throughout the Abbey various monuments have been erected of more or less beauty. Some of the military monuments are the most beautiful. The Poets' Corner was particularly interesting and bore tablets or the actual burial places of most of England's famous poets. Shakespeare's burial place, which we saw, is in the church near his old home. In a niche there has been placed a bust of "Longfellow," by "admiral friends" of the American poet. He is not buried there. The clergyman or vergers who escort you around the Abbey and lecture on the points of interest believe that everything is genuine. I saw a tomb to Thos Parr, and the inscription that he was 152 years old at the time of his death. It is difficult to

say how many hundreds are buried in Westminster. I've not looked it up in the guide books and at best it would probably be a guess. One of the tablets near the Poets' Corner is erected to Barbara Simpson, wife of James Simpson, barrister at law and his Majesty's Attorney General for South Carolina.

We were shown tomb after tomb of dead monarchs of England and their wives. Edward I and Eleanor were, it is said, crowned in the present Abbey. There is a tomb to him. He died in 1307 and we were told that as there was some question as to whether Edward I, was really in the tomb. It was opened and the body identifications were found. The rule was for all Kings and Queens to be buried above ground; this is still done at Frogmore and Albert Chapel.

There is a corner in which there are a number of slabs; one is to Queen Anne, 1714; King William II, 1702; Queen Mary, 1694, and King Charles, 1685. The tomb of Henry V, who died in 1422, had the usual figure on the sarcophagus; the head was worked in silver, but it was stolen and the body is headless, that is the effigy.

Our guide told us that the oldest tomb was erected in 1245 and they have been adding ever since. The clerical guide told us that a certain tomb contained the children of James I, who are credited with having been smothered in the Tower. Our guide questioned the statement and argued that the bones might have been those of any other children.

Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary are buried side by side. Cromwell and his family were buried near Henry VII, but when Charles II got in charge Cromwell's body was dug up and, it is said, was shoved into an unmarked grave in the yard of the Abbey.

The Tate Art Gallery.

We spent some time at the Tate Art Gallery, which is one of the best art collections. It is intended to be distinctly British. It was the gift of a Mr Tate and has many of the famous English works of art and illustrations of the types of work. Much ado is made about Turner's work, to which two or three rooms are devoted, but it is too much on the "impressionistic" order for me; the figures and scenes are not clearly and plainly brought out as with

Millais and other artists represented in this gallery. The works of Sir Huber von Herkomer, Thomas Foed, Orchardson, Poynter and William Rothenstein appealed to my crude ideas most because of their subjects and execution. Chantrey, the sculptor, has some work in the gallery, and it is fine. In his bequest he left money with which the trustees are to purchase one

or two of the best pieces of English art to be hung in the gallery. "The Doctor," by Sir Luke Fildes, often copied is with Millais the most appealing in the gallery. The usual copies seen do not show the parents grieving, but bring out the patient and the watchful physician sitting at her side. We bought cards of the pictures that appealed to us most.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF SHAKESPEARE

To-day we used one of the many busses travelling through the streets of London. Our first ride was for six or eight miles and then back over other ground, in part. We wanted to see the streets, types of houses and what the people were doing. There are untold parks and commons throughout London, some of them exquisite, some are large and others small; even the churchyards are now fixed up as parks and are open to the public. Hyde Park and Kensington Garden are apparently the most popular of the very many public places. Large areas are devoted to recreation—cricket and tennis—no baseball.

In London, which is a city of over seven million people, naturally all styles of architecture are to be found in the homes. There are no tenement houses as in New York running up to the skyline. There are few residential buildings higher than four stories. The usual type of home building, whether apartment house or industrial occupancy, is three story; brick is used in construction with the roof. You may see block upon block of brick buildings, neat and trim in exterior appearance and almost invariably with a pretty flower garden in front and flowers in the windows. Flowers are on every side. Plazas are rare. Wooden buildings and the construction of same are not permitted; there are a few here and there that have not been destroyed, but very few. There is but little new construction work in progress. The streets are all paved either with wood block or a species of bithulitic. The principal streets are paved with wood block—the Strand, Oxford and other of the leading business streets—and the people appear pleased with the material. The streets are kept very well cleaned.

London Believes in Good Roads.

We took several automobile rides in different directions out of London and always found excellent roads. The word excellent is hardly sufficiently strong. All the roads are either macadam or macadam with a tar binder. The roads are particularly narrow to our eye and yet the travel seemed uninterrupted and the automobiles ran without regard to speed regulations.

The roads are just about fifteen feet wide; that is what it looked to the eye.

Sunday afternoon we boarded one of the many steamers plying the Thames, between Kew and Greenwich, and went down the Thames to Greenwich landing. At Greenwich we saw the buildings in connection with the College and observatory there and the Seaman's Hospital. There was an unusually large crowd on the steamer taking the afternoon trip, mostly of the working classes, but a few others. The buildings at Greenwich were constructed for a castle and were first used by William II, so we are told, and later by Mary. This was in the 17th century. There is a considerable museum in the building, devoted largely to naval relics. Along the river front are warehouses, wharves and manufacturing plants.

The liquor system is wide open in London and England. Bars open on Sunday morning and it is not unusual to find women serving drinks; this we found out in stopping at inns and taverns on automobile trips. With all this freedom and the multiplicity of bar-rooms we saw few drunken men. While we were at luncheon we heard bands of music and looking out of the window at the Hotel Cecil, where we stopped, we saw there was a labor parade in progress. Many banners were displayed. We heard later that 30,000 laborers had assembled in Hyde Park to hear addresses. The labor situation in England is very unsettled. While we were in London there were, and had been, on strike 70,000 dockers and shipping was badly crippled.

Compulsory Health Insurance Law.

I talked to many people about the Government, the King and such matters and found that while King George V was not near so popular as his father, that he was gaining in popularity; that Lloyd George, who is the moving spirit in the present administration, is playing hard to the masses and that in his zeal to do for the working classes he is overdoing it and the very people he is trying to help are "bucking." The compulsory health insurance law went into effect, while we were in London. Like our dispensary

law it was forced on the people in a rough and unsymmetrical form. Like the dispensary it has points of merit. The central idea is excellent and in time no doubt the scheme will work out. The purpose is to make the workingman take out insurance, which is to be commended. It wants to avoid pauperism and force men to save money in this way. The laboring man, whom it is intended to help by forcing him to insure, resents this and argues he does not want to be forced to do anything. The Lloyd George plan, however, is for the poor man to pay 4 pence a week; that is 8 cents; the employer must pay 3 pence or 6 cents and the Government adds 2 pence or 4 cents; this is an aggregate of 9 pence or 18 cents that must be paid. The rate and the proportion vary. Where the wage is small the employer pays more or even all, but the general scheme is 8 cents for the laborer, 6 cents from the employer and 4 cents from the Government. In return the Government will pay 6 shillings per week, \$1 50, for thirteen weeks and in some cases more, and provide the doctor and medicines. The doctors have "bucked" because the scheme is to pay them 6 shillings or \$1 50 per patient, per year, for all the patients in their district, whether they keep well or get sick. The fight was on when we left England and Lloyd George says he can get doctors, and if they will not accept the patient can get the money. The law applies to men and women, servants and their employers, field hands, in fact to every one over 18 and under 65 who does not pay income tax or who has not a certain fixed income. There are some exceptions. The employer must see that the tax is paid before he pays the employee his wages. The tax is paid with stamps issued through and sold by the regular post-offices. I bought some of the stamps as souvenirs. A person having health insurance in any accredited society or company need not take a Government policy; all that is insisted upon is that there must be the health insurance or a sufficient income to be independent in case of continued illness. In certain classless medical inspections are not necessary, but the benefits in such cases have not been fixed. The business interests, not the predatory rich, as Bryan calls them, are very much disgusted with Lloyd George and trouble is to be expected.

A Visit to Warwick Castle.

To-day, Monday, we visited Leamington, Warwick, Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon. Mr Elliot, one of our guides, has charge of our party of seven and it proved to be a most delightful and tensely interesting day.

While the party went on to Warwick first to visit Warwick Castle I stopped off to visit some old book stores in quest of some on South Carolina, Yates Snowden having advised me to visit these stores. I found and bought from Simmons & Waters, Spencer street, three early maps of South Carolina, (Revolutionary,) with the accompanying notes. Could find no books and that was my experience at the various shops visited. In one place I found a number of early South Carolina items, but they were excessively high-priced, or duplicates of what I had. I did not visit Warwick Castle, but met the party coming out. They declared that they had a magnificent view of the garden and the Thames, which skirts the Castle property. The Castle is one of the best preserved of the feudal castles of England. It is still used as a home by the Warwicks and contains exquisite specimens of art and interesting relics collected there for the past six hundred years. One of the most interesting articles in the State apartment shown is the Anne bed in the Queen Anne room; the identical bed used by Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts. The Castle is in everyday use and is most elaborately furnished. It has one of the few portcullis gates now in use, and the gate is closed each night at 9 o'clock.

I joined the party at St Mary's, better known as the Warwick Church. It is chiefly interesting for its funerals, which began there in 1100. It is claimed that the chapel was built in 1443. Our guide showed us the tombs and carved effigies of the Warwick family for generations—the Beauchamps, the Dudleys and the Grevills who make up the family. He told us there were forty-nine Grevills (heads of families) buried in the two vaults in the crypt, which is the original Norman construction. The church is beautiful, contains fine statuary and stained glasses and bits of Chippendale furniture, and a lectern over five hundred years old. An original and complete ducking stool, 1794, is kept as a relic in the crypt. Our clerical guide traced out the interesting family history and was more familiar with his dates than any of our schoolboys are with the

birth of their own fathers or grandfathers. The church records of births, deaths and marriages are kept in an iron trunk in the stone church, which is locked with five separate and distinct locks, and the keys to each of the five locks are in the possession of five men. This is done to prevent the loss or "fixing" of the records, as it is thought that at no time can all five men be bad or evilly disposed. The five key-owners must all be present at the opening of the record box.

The Grounds on which Shakespeare is Said to Have Poached.

In going from Warwick Church we passed the home and grounds of Sir Henry Fairfax Lucy. The house was built in 1558, and after a visit there by Queen Elizabeth a porch was added. Shakespeare was not fond of this Lucy family and it is said that he was caught poaching on this property. The guide showed us a tumbling gate and stated that it was at this very gate that Shakespeare was caught. Shakespeare makes fun of the Lucy coat-of-arms and the family. The tumbling gate is a decided novelty. When you get on the top stile it presses down as does the second stile from the top, and you can readily step over what is apparently a gate of usual height. When you press on the parts of the gate it collapses. By pressing on the top rung of the gate it goes down.

Continuing our ride in the automobile we go through Stratford and to Shottery, and thence back to Stratford-on-Avon.

We visited the late home of Ann Hathaway and it was hardly worth the trouble, except to show how miserably the people of means lived in the days of Shakespeare. The room in which the Hathaways lived and where Ann was born is in an attic, with low ceiling and a single window. The adjoining room in the attic, where the children slept, is even worse, with its low ceiling. On the lower floor are the living rooms, furnished as in the days of Ann—the claim is that the articles are original, but this is doubtful, and it makes no material difference, as the purpose is to show about how things were in those days. There are cooking utensils, dishes and the like to show the manner of living. The house is covered with a thatched roof, straw-woven together. There is a very pretty garden around the Ann Hathaway cot-

tage, which is now a semi-national institution.

Shakespeare's Home and its Interesting Relics.

The home place of William Shakespeare is of far more interest, at least it was to me. It had the human side pictures, models, writings, jewelry worn and the like of the great writer. There are numberless engravings, paintings, busts and models of Shakespeare and the guide in the house remarked that it was thought and hoped they had copies of all paintings, monuments or statuary of Shakespeare, and that they had everything written by or about Shakespeare. There are original editions of Shakespeare of single pages dated 1600. The guide stated that they had one of the two existing first editions of Shakespeare's works. Miss Annie Wheeler's photograph is displayed. It was stated that she collected and gave the Shakespeare Memorial many of the valuable relics. Shakespeare's family is extinct. He left two daughters and one son; the boy died while a child. The daughters married and one left issue, who died without a child. It seems a great pity that such genius should die out and no descendants should survive to know of the homage that is paid Shakespeare. If anything, the house is overcrowded with items connected with Shakespeare and his work. The house in which one of his married daughters lived was pointed out.

Then we went to what is locally known as Shakespeare's Church. There is much in this old church with which Shakespeare and his memory has to do. The building is old; the tower, it was stated, was erected in the eleventh century. Just as you enter, the church register is exhibited with markers to indicate the original record of the birth and death of Shakespeare. The record is plain of his birth in 1564. The other entries are shown in photographs that hang over the original record book. There are many beautiful stained window glasses in the church, most of them large and imposing. Seven, we understood, were given by Americans; some by the town of Stratford-on-Avon and some by other admirers. The slabs over the tombs of the Shakespeares are immediately in front of the main altar, on the left side facing the altar. On the left side nearest the wall is the slab to the memory of Ann Hathaway, wife of Shakespeare. Next

My idea is not to write a catalogue or guide, but to give some idea of the scope and purposes of the various buildings. Albert Chapel, which adjoins and is smaller, is also beautifully decorated. In the centre of the chapel is the immense monument to the Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son; nearest the door is the tomb of the Duke of Clarence, King Edward's eldest son. King Edward VII, who was the last sovereign to die, is buried under the floor of this chapel. There is as yet no monument to him; at least not in the chapel or elsewhere in London, so far as I am advised.

In St George's Chapel the Prince of Wales is invested with the Order of the Knight of the Garter. The ceremony is most interesting, as explained. The honor is limited to the few noblemen who virtually inherit it. There are only two women Knights of the Garter, Queen Alexandra, much beloved, and Queen Mary, the present Queen. The vestments worn by the late King Edward VII are in this chapel. The members of the Order attend the exercises in full regalia and occupy their stalls. Over each seat are the coats-of-arms of those who have occupied the seats previously and indicating the line of descent.

How Visitors are Watched by Castle Guards.

The State apartments of the castle are open to the public during certain seasons. There are rooms for almost everything, from the grand reception and ball rooms to the tea and smoking rooms. The dining room used on State occasions is called the Waterloo Room, and there are reception rooms, council chambers, a Rubens room, dressing rooms, a Van Dyck room, Majesty's audience chamber, Presence chamber, Crown room, half a dozen vestibules,—one handsomer than the other. Visitors not given access to the private apartments and those who are allowed to go into the castle are followed around by guards, and as the parties go from room to room the guard is the last to leave the apartment and lock the door, if there be one. This is not surprising in view of the wonderful collections of art, tapestry, furniture and jewels housed in the rooms to which entrance is permitted. There are many, very many, pictures and souvenirs on

these walls that are beyond price and that cannot be reproduced.

Viewing Great Masterpieces Under Difficulties.

The works of the greatest of artists are so numerous as to confuse one. You are started in the Van Dyck room, or the Rubens' room; the Castle lecturer points out the high-water paintings and while he is talking he walks on to the next room. You look here at a Rubens' masterpiece, perhaps his own features; over on another wall is a Van Dyck, or a Holbein, or Guido's Cleopatra, or one of Correggio's wonders, or you want to compare Rembrandt's face with that of his mother, but the procession moves on and you are dazed with the splendor of the real works of art. You are walked through a room with perhaps twenty-five others at the rate of about three minutes to the room, for there must be twenty to visit and the guide is bent on bringing in other parties and skimming along. You cannot linger, and I saw one party turned back because she had been in before. In the Council Chamber there is the bed used by Charles II, about 1660. It was last used by King Manuel. Opposite this bed is a hand-carved Chippendale mirror that Dr Babcock would have walked twenty miles to have seen. As for tables, the wooden ones got so common that in the time of Charles II, they gave him a table of solid silver and the admirers of William gave him a larger one in silver.

I carried around a little note book and recorded "most beautiful" opposite several rooms; but the expression applies to the Presence room.

Not only have they celebrated "fancy" paintings, but Kings and Queens for generations are depicted in colors and marble from childhood to the grave. Many of the gifts to Queen Victoria are displayed, as for example, the great malachite vase presented by Nicholas of Russia. The Waterloo room has a table in it that seats 170 guests. There are 52 legs to the table. In this splendid room is a rug 80x40, that is said to weigh two tons and to have taken seven years in the making.

The Guard Room and St George's Hall.

The guard room is one of special interest. The morning we were there was the anniversary of the battle of



WINDSOR CASTLE—ENGLAND

One of the homes of the Kings and Queens of England. Much used by Queen Victoria.

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Blenheim and on each anniversary the claim for the title and lands of the Duke of Marlboro must be made by sending a new standard to be hung in this room. If this is not done the guard said he did not know what would happen because the Duke of Marlboro and the Duke of Wellington, the only two who send annual binders, had never failed to be on time. The idea is to show that there is a descendant living, and on the death of the line the estates revert to the Crown.

St George's Hall has been in use for nearly six hundred years. Of course it is richly decorated and particularly with reproductions of all the coats-of-arms of those who have been honored with the Order of the Garter. There were 167 guests in this room at the dinner given in honor of Manuel, King of Portugal. The silver and gold chair for the King is in this room, the Queen does not sit at the side of the King, but below him in an ordinary chair not nearly so ornate as that of the King.

Great Britain's Many Trophies.

There is a trophy room on the floor below the State rooms that is full of trophies, for Great Britain has won its great victories and has an unbroken record in its wars of conquest except when it let the United States slip away. Many of the most beautiful trophies are from India; one exquisite specimen is a crown and peacock wrought in jewels that was taken from some potentate in India. I ventured to suggest that there were no trophies displayed from the War for American Independence and this was perhaps because of the desire to continue the good feeling. The guide told me he thought there were two American battle flags kept as trophies. But you ought to see the trophies from France and the Crimean war and Africa and India! It would be worth while, perhaps, to note the history of some of these tro-

phies, to give a detailed account of what makes the splendor of the Castle, to recount the history of the construction of a home such as this, to even itemize the half of its paintings or its gifts from royalty, but it would even then give an inadequate idea of Windsor Castle. I'll not attempt it.

From Windsor Castle we started home in the automobile, stopping first at Eton College, which was founded in 1440, and which is a school for young boys and men. The buildings, some of those erected in 1480, are plain and of brick. From here we went to the church, Stokes-Poges, made famous by Gray's "Church Elegy." The church was founded in 1107, and like most others in England, has its complement of tombs and memorials inside the church. The tomb of Gray is near to the church, on the outside. The yew tree in the church yard is pointed out as the one under which sat Gray when writing the "Elegy." Penn's family lived close by this church and built a large home. It is now used as a golf house. Nearby lived Disraeli. Our guide pointed out the section known as "Beaconsfield" and he added that Disraeli was the greatest Jew that England had produced. It is evident that the English are very fond of Gladstone and Disraeli, and several men, in talking to me about the present conditions, said they and the nation wished for a Gladstone or a Disraeli.

Returning to London we passed through a number of towns and villages; in fact it is almost a continuous stretch of homes from Windsor to London.

Our last day in London we spent in the shopping district picking up little souvenirs to take home. Many of the wares offered on Regent and Oxford streets were no cheaper, nor more attractive than we could buy at home. We, however, felt that we should buy some things as reminders of our first and most pleasant stay in London.

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH

Leaving our steamer at the Hook of Holland, we boarded the waiting train and in the hour and a half between the landing and The Hague we had our first glimpse of the beautiful little Holland, first at The Hague, then at Amsterdam, and a flay at Marken, Volendam and neighboring towns and through the wonderful series of canals. Of course, the time has not sufficed to see all that we would have liked, but we now have a keener appreciation of the reputed thrift and energy of these people and a realizing sense of what difficulties they have overcome, and why they are so prosperous with it all. It verily looks like water is on every side of these people; water where they would like to have land, and with the handful of land, so to speak, they have worked wonders. The zone between The Hague and Amsterdam and around, not occupied by cities, is all used for farming and dairying. Here and there one sees a patch of small grain in sections, beautiful nurseries for flowers and bulbs, but pretty much the entire farming country is devoted to meadows for feeding cattle and hay raising. For miles and miles you see nothing but flat low meadow lands, broken here and there with a ribbon of water in a straight canal. Each farm has its cluster of brick buildings and its characteristic windmill, used to pump out excess rain water or to replenish the smaller canals from the larger. From The Hague to Amsterdam, for instance, the railroad track is flanked on either side with many canals and every few hundred yards there is a narrow strip of water enclosed in a canal running up into a body of land as far as the eye can see. This irrigation, supplemented with the stable manure, makes the meadows very fertile and the Holstein cattle scattered over the fields make a pretty picture—they all look so fat and plump and sturdy. From May until November the cattle remain in the meadows without shelter and then they are taken indoors. The chief industry of the farmers in this vicinity is cheese-making. From May until November they use the bulk of their milk in the manufacture of cheeses—mainly Edam and pineapple, Roquefort and other varieties. Every one around the place, including father, works. The women do difficult labor. They tote heavy bun-

dles, carrying twice the ordinary load by means of a carrying pole over their shoulders. Most of the hauling is done by means of little flat boats along the canals and it is quite common to see women polling these flat boats and assisting in the loading and unloading. In the farm work all seem to take a hand, and men and women are to be seen dotted over the fields with their milk pails gathering the coin of the realm—milk, as cotton is with us.

The Zuider Zee section, in which we spent most of the time, is sorely perplexed over the filling up of the Zee (Sea.) Amstredam, once a queen of ports, has lost its prestige and boats of importance no longer make this their harbor. Rotterdam is getting this business. The Zee is filling up and the ports are going into decadence. There is a line of what are known as "dead cities" along the Zee. We visited Monnikendam, a city of 60,000 in the seventeenth century, that now has 3,000, and its crumbling buildings show its commercial plight. But not of so much generalities!

The Hague.

Upon arriving at The Hague, Holland's capital, we were taken to the Hotel de Indes, the best located and prettiest in the city. It is located on one side of a beautiful park, and in this connection it is well to remember that Holland is famous for its flowers and they are to be seen in profusion both in The Hague and in Amsterdam, more so in the former city. In both places the public parks are particularly beautiful with their radiant flowers, geraniums, gladiola, blooming begonia, dainty little lobelia, petunia and other bright flowers. Ordinary geraniums, brought up to a fine standard by cultivation and fertilization, are largely used in park gardening both here and in England. Out in the country the farms have pretty flower gardens.

At The Hague, as in other cities, we had a private guide. He spoke English, but not near so well as our guide at Amsterdam, and his information was largely stock and he seemed lacking in general information. He was pretty well posted on objects and places he was to show. It was a decided surprise to find so many people speaking English, and very good English, at that. Holland has a compul-



AMSTERDAM—HOLLAND

View of Amsel River and showing type of buildings. Photograph by author and selected from many of equal interest.

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sory school system, and every child is made to study German, French and English. The school-taught English is perhaps not sufficient to give facility in conversation, but it is surprising how very many speak English with ease; the guides do so, of course, so do the clerks and head porters and waiters at the hotels, and pretty much all the business men. Those who could not speak English could speak German, all except a policeman, who said he could neither speak English nor German. Holland is quite near England and there is a great deal of business between the two countries, and this may account in part for the English training. These European people are more insistent upon children being educated than we are, and they have the correct idea, in my opinion, of stressing German and French rather than Latin and Greek. Every child must study English, German and French before going through the grammar school. I wish very much it was so in South Carolina.

Although The Hague is said to have a population of 250,000, it does not impress one riding through its streets as being so large a city. To all outside appearances it is a quiet, non-industrial and easy-going community. It is the capital of Holland, the seat of the royal residence and official headquarters. In the home view of Americans its importance rested on its being the site of the new hall of the Peace Conference, for the building of which Andrew Carnegie gave his millions. The Hague is encouraging this idea, for it wants the hall, now nearing completion, frequently used. Of course, we saw the Carnegie Peace Conference building, an immense structure of plain red brick with granite trimmings. It presents an attractive appearance and is a large building, larger than the postoffice in New York. The Hague boasts of having held peace conferences since 1899, and they show with great pride the superb room in the Palace in the Woods, where this first conference was held and suggest that it is most significant that the panel on the door should be figures of Minerva and Hercules trying to open the door so that "Wisdom" might enter. These panels, together with the surpassingly exquisite paintings in the room, were done by nine pupils of Rubens, about 1648, and it took the artists four years to paint the many decorations, for the hall has its masterpieces from floor to

dome, in the very apex being a painting of Amelia Sohm, wife of the King. The story is that she had the superbly decorated room "done" as a memorial to her husband. The Palace in the Woods is not now used, being last occupied by Queen Sophie, the first wife of the present Queen's father. This was about 1877. It is not imposing nor splendid looking from the exterior, but, like so many of the royal homes, has the real grandeur on the inside, but not so much as the Town Hall Palace in Amsterdam. The Palace in the Woods is surrounded by beautiful gardens. In The Hague most of the houses are built flush with the streets and the gardens are in the back yards. Everywhere we have been flowers are freely used. In Holland the buttresses used to stop the trains, or rather where they stop, are filled with earth and used as garden patches. The show places in The Hague are: The Palace in the Woods, the Palace in the City, the Peace Building and Museum or Art Gallery.

"The Palace in the Woods."

"The Palace in the Woods" was constructed by Frederick Henry, the son of William the Silent, who is the greatly worshipped King of Holland. It is perhaps a commonplace palace, as palaces go. It is, however, a really beautiful house and has well designed, large, comfortable rooms, elaborate and expensive decorations, exquisite furniture, many rare gifts from friendly crowned heads, and is particularly "strong" on its paintings by artists of great repute. Much of the particularly fine work was done by Garadaeus, a pupil of Rubens. The central room in this palace, wherein the Peace Conference of 1899 was held, harbors many rare paintings, the walls being entirely covered.

One of the beautiful points was the work of DeWitt. He made a point of painting scrolls and friezes that had the appearance of being carved marble. In the Town Hall at Amsterdam he painted a frieze, as a continuation of a marble mantel, and from a distance it looks like the same work. In this home are several most elaborately finished and furnished rooms, the gifts of Japanese and Chinese potentates, and naturally much of the finest wares from these countries are used in the rooms.

"The Queen's Palace."

We also visited the Queen's Palace in the city, where she lives most of

the time. Our guide bought tickets and showed us through the building, which is kept with punctilious cleanliness and which has the true air of a living home. The walls are handsomely decorated and here and there is hung a family portrait or specimen of some of the many Dutch artists. The most interesting point of this palace is the teakwood room, on the main floor. This room was carved and placed in position by her East Indian subjects as a wedding gift. Queen Wilhelmina was married in this building and she showed her only daughter to the populace from the balcony of this palace. From what little we heard the Queen is not very popular, not as popular as we in America think her. The complaint is that she is a very rich woman and gives very little to charity or to her people.

The Hague's Art Gallery.

Thus far we have visited quite a number of art galleries, but one of the finest we have seen or hope to see is in The Hague. It has pictures of such merit as to impress even me and others who do not profess to be art connoisseurs.

The paintings that have a world-wide reputation and that are copied the world over are numerous, but I've already discovered that the actual painting leaves a much more lasting impression than do reduced reproductions or poor copies. In this gallery, which is regarded as small by others, as it contains only about 500 paintings, are most of the Rembrandt masterpieces, Paul Potter's famous Bull, some of Dou's best, and many specimens of Steen, Van der Meer, another of the Dutch favorites. There are several specimens by Rubens and Van Dyck. Altogether the record is that in this comparatively small collection one-fourth are by the great masters, paintings that nowadays would command untold wealth.

When I started out, being a novice in art, it was my idea to impress upon my memory not more than three masterpieces in each of the famous galleries, study them in detail and not undertake to carry away a confused and jumbled impression. The most striking and superb paintings in the gallery are:

First. Rembrandt's "School in Anatomy."

Second. Paul Potter's "Bull."

Third. Murillo's "Madonna."

There are fine things by Steen, and

Dou, Van der Meer, Velasques Holkein and the other great artists, but these have to give way in the panorama to the distinct impression I've had made by these three among more than a hundred world-renowned masterpieces. The most vivid impression is that left by Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy." One can almost see the work going on in the dissecting room, where the professor in anatomy is exhibiting to his friends, not pupils, parts of the arm that he has dissected in the dead body before the group. A picture along the same line is shown in Amsterdam, but it is not near so fine.

This specimen of Rembrandt was done by him when he was quite young, only 26.

Paul Potter's "Bull," which was painted by him when he was only 22, is pointed out as the most valuable picture in the collection. It was painted in 1647 and years after was taken to France by Napoleon, but later returned to Holland. Potter died at 29.

Rembrandt's "Simeon in the Temple" and his "Susanna" are pictures that will be remembered.

Amsterdam's Famous Museum.

While on the topic of art seen in Holland, we spent some hours in the Ryks (or King's) Museum, in Amsterdam. The building is new and is an entire success as to the lighting for the pictures. There are three acres of floor space used for the museum and art specimens. On the lower floor are shown specimens of the industrial development of Holland; the various styles and type of the dress so peculiar to the several provinces of Holland, the naval and military relics, sculpture, work in gold and silver, engravings—in fact it is very much on the style of the British Museum or our National Museum at Washington. The art collection is the feature of the museum, however. There are over three thousand paintings in the various rooms of this gallery and one can imagine how much time and energy it takes merely to walk through the maze of pictures, that are hung so the light falls on them and on which artificial light is not used.

The piece de resistance of this gallery is Rembrandt's "Night Watch." Then comes Vander Helst's "Banquet" and next in order, Maes's "Everlasting Prayer," or "The Clothmaker's Guild," one of the specimens by Rembrandt.

Our guide told us that a little picture, about 12 by 14 inches, "The Milk-maid," by Vermeer, 1632-1685, had jumped into fame recently by an American offering to buy it for \$200,000. "The Egg Woman," by Bloemaert, picturing an old woman holding an egg up to the light, struck my fancy more than did the \$200,000 picture of the girl pouring milk. There are a great many artists sitting about the room making copies of the masterpieces. One old artist was copying a painting of Hals, another was at work on a copy of a Paul Potter, another was copying a single figure out of a large group, "The Oyster Meal," by Van der Helst; another was working on an engraving of Hals's "Lute Player," and the old man who was finishing his copy of "The Everlasting Prayer" effected a sale of his work that day for \$160. It is noticeable that copies are made of parts of these originals and in that postcard reproductions often do the same injustice. The three memorable pictures in the gallery are:

Rembrandt's "The Night Watch."

Van der Helst's "Banquet."

Maes's "Everlasting Prayer."

There are many group pictures in this collection showing full-sized men in gala attire. These are called Council pictures and represent the men in authority in the various towns turning the Government over to their successors. We spent much of one first day in this immense gallery.

Royal Palace of Amsterdam.

During our first morning in Amsterdam we spent some time in the beautiful Royal Palace, which was built as the Town Hall (1648-1655) at a cost then of over three million American dollars. In the time of Napoleon it was given as a palace and is now so kept. The people of Amsterdam would like to have it back, but the Queen lives in the palace one week each year, during which time she holds receptions therein and the palace is maintained in luxury as a home place rather than a museum. Admissions are charged for visitors here in all the palaces and the money goes either for up-keep, the guides, who also expect tips, or to charity. At some place this announcement is posted. The most distinctive and beautiful feature of this sumptuous and massive palace is the marble work. Most exquisite decorations are carved out of the marble, and while there are many paintings the distinctive feature

is the fine carvings in marble by Quellin and others. The handsomest room in the building and on the instant that I recall having seen is the reception room. It is 98 feet high, 118 feet long and 50 feet wide. The arch is unsupported by any columns and is richly decorated with paintings and marble. There is no marble carvings in such large quantities comparable with that in this place. The scheme is to have various allegorical figures indicating the various uses to which the rooms were intended when the building was used as a town hall.

For instance, there is a room that was intended for the Bankruptcy Court and insurance office. Over this door is a panel decoration indicating the fall of Icarus, who was the mythological god who soared high and then had a fall. On the casement of the door are panels representing rats gnawing at packages.

The other rooms in the building are embellished in the same way, the Crown and State rooms containing even more elaborately decorated and generally beautiful mantels. The building was originally heated by fireplaces, but now has stoves. A most beautiful feature of these rooms is the original and superb crystal chandeliers in all the rooms. Neither gas nor electricity has been introduced into the palace and candles are used in the chandeliers and lamps for reading purposes. In the grand hall, for instance, there are five mammoth chandeliers, which must present a brilliant appearance when all of the hundreds of candles are ablaze. In addition to the centre lights there are a great number of brackets around the sides of the rooms. We were shown in one of the palaces the Queen's seat at the dining table in the dining room, with a seat for the Prince Consort beside her on the left, to show his inferiority in rank. The other places at the table were for the members of the Court and ladies in waiting.

The City in General.

The buildings are of brick and look quite ordinary from the outside throughout the city. The chief claim of Amsterdam is its business or commercial supremacy. It now has a population of about 600,000 and is a very rich city. In bygone days it was the richest city of its size in the world, and it has retained its wealth, but not its shipping industry, with the consequent

business. It is perhaps the chief diamond-cutting and polishing city in the world, employing 12,000 people in its 70 plants. Holland owns provinces—Sumatra, Java, part of Borneo, Dutch Guinea, Curacao and other islands, and these contribute much trade in tobacco, rice, pepper and chocolates to Amsterdam.

We visited the diamond cutting and polishing plant of Theo Boeljon and saw the interesting processes. The industry is in the hands of certain families and the polishers or workmen are strict in keeping outsiders from learning the trade. The diamond as polished in Amsterdam has 58 faces to make the proper reflections. The diamonds are given the cutters or polishers by weight and they are allowed 50 per cent for loss in polishing; our guide told us that in Antwerp less allowance was made for polishing, and they did not do such good work.

We visited the very interesting synagogue of the Portuguese Jews of Amsterdam. This building is said to have been erected in 1670-1675 by Dorsman and has been continuously in use ever since. It is strictly an orthodox congregation. We met the cantor and talked with him. The women sit upstairs, not with the men. The men sit on old wooden benches; the floors are of wood. There is no music except on special holidays, and then only vocal—no organ. The ark is made of beautiful Brazilian wood of high polish. This is the only Portuguese congregation. The rabbi is Mr Puluche and the secretary, Mr A. J. Mendes Da Costa, of Prinsenslaan. There are, we are told, about 5,000 families of Portuguese Jews and about 50,000 families of German Jews, who, of course, have their synagogue. Ten per cent of the total population of Holland, we are told, were Jewish and in Amsterdam they are leading bankers and merchants. Holland has been liberal in its consideration of these people—considering what they have encountered elsewhere. A Catholic cathedral, costing \$200,000, was shown us with the statement that it was a gift of the Jewish people as a token of their appreciation. The gift was made the burgomaster, so the story goes.

We went in the shopping district on Saturday, the cheap as well as the high class, and found many stores closed because of the Jewish holiday. The peddlers have a large plaza on

which they generally conduct a most interesting street sale, presumably "swapping" wares and offering bargains.

Amsterdam is distinctly a water-bound city. It has water on all sides and in its very streets. They like to call it "the Venice of the North." It is picturesque and new to see ribbons of water running this way and another just as streets. The canals are used as thoroughfares for transportation and you can see dozens of freight-laden flat boats and motor vessels moving to and fro. A freighter will come from a neighboring farm with a load of vegetables or hay and unload directly into a freight car, along the bank of the canal. The houses in many sections are brick up to the canal and the water is their back yard. The water in the canals looks dirty and murky and rather uninteresting, although the natives say the fresh supply from the larger bodies keeps it fresh. We experienced dear old low-country mosquitoes at the Amstel Hotel for the first time in our trip. The people of Holland and Amsterdam are spending millions to deepen their channel to the sea and get more flushing of the canals in and about the city.

The aquarium, the alms houses and the like our guide, who was a very intelligent fellow—his name was Leo A. Hubscher—pointed out, but we drove on to get a general view of the city and its magnitude. It is compactly built with beautiful parks, no skyscrapers, and brick is generally used. The streets are well paved, wood block and asphalt being utilized.

The street cars hold twenty passengers each and no conductor will take on the twenty-first passenger as long as there are twenty aboard. Every passenger must have a seat. The cars pass by when filled to the allowance. The connection with the feed wire is not made by a revolving trolley, but by a hoop-shaped arrangement.

The Isle of Marken.

One of the interesting show places around Amsterdam is the Isle of Marken. The advertisement reads:

"Trip to the Island of Marken, Villendam, Monnikendam and Broek in Waterland.

"To the Island of Marken, a queer little island of queer little cottages, and Volendam, a picturesque fisher village, both noted for the quaint, coloured costumes of their inhabitants.



ISLE OF MARKEN—HOLLAND

The fishing boats have come home for Sunday. Photograph by the author.

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"From Amsterdam by the magnificent steam yacht Island of Marken, via the ZUIDER ZEE to the Island of Marken, then to Volendam, returning through the canals from Monnikendam via Broek, the so-called 'Dead Cities,' to Amsterdam."

"Daily at 9.30 A. M. from quay de Ruyter, Pier No 6, back of Central Station (behind the Central Railway Station,) returning at 4.45 P. M. in Amsterdam."

"Fare, which includes guide, Fl 2.50, including luncheon Fl 4.—"

This gives the main point, which is that the island, which is fifteen or twenty miles from Amsterdam, is occupied almost entirely by fishermen and their families.

For generations these people have been fishermen and they have been little influenced by surrounding cosmopolitan ideas of dress and living. In Amsterdam you will not see more than one out of every ten persons in other than the usual dress to which we are accustomed, and the wooden shoes and the Hollandesque costumes that you see in pictures are generally worn by those who come in from the country. On the Isle of Marken and the opposite point of land, Volendam, the exception is to find other than the native dress. All of the women and children wear the regulation wooden shoes and highly colored skirts and blouses, as well as the characteristic lace caps. For some reason in the Isle of Marken the women and girls assume large proportions, and this is done by filling bags with salt or sand and worn around the waist. The coloring and the style of costumes worn by the fishermen's families on the Isle of Marken and Volendam are entirely different. The fishermen were returning to their homes after the week's work, and the little harbor at each place showed a forest of masts and a flutter of pennants. The fish that are sought and that are caught in large quantities are the herring that in time find their way to our tables. What little farming that is done on the Isle of Marken is undertaken by the women. They have a business section, a church and school, and a counterpart is found at Volendam, the fishing community about five miles distant. In the two communities, Marken being Protestant and the other Catholic, it is said that the rivalry is

so intense between the two that marriages are not countenanced.

We spent some time on the little isle that has kept its traditions and customs with such tenacity as has its rival fishing town, Volendam, the Catholic community. The trip to and fro was made on Cook's steamboat and offered a most delightful view of the surrounding country. From Amsterdam we went through a lock canal and then into the Zuider Zee until on the return passage through the canal we struck Monnikendam. Here while in the lock-dam, letting our boat down gradually to a new water level, we were met by three little girls selling post-cards and souvenirs. As the boat came up they sang "Yankee Doodle," and such a variety of slang as they used! "Nothing Doing," "Oh, You Kid," "Hello, Bill," "Absolutely Broke," "Skedoo For You," were a few of the slang expressions in their vocabulary, and they used the expressions without accent. They sold some cards and shoes, and moved to the next lock, where we went a bit lower with our boat. We sailed on until we reached Broek-in-Waterland, where we went to a typical cheese plant. Its cleanliness may be bespoken when it is stated that in winter the cows are stabled in part of the comfortable living house and that the Edam cheese is made at home. The barn floor is covered over with sawdust now as the cows are a-field. The model farmer is H. Van Wilkenkarg and he showed us the entire process of his cheese-making. The people say they have no secret, nor fear of competition, because there is a peculiar richness and flavor to milk that cannot be copied. The cheese of this farmer is shipped all over the world. He gets 75 cents for a 4 to 4 1/2-pound cheese, and emphasizes that it is all made of pure and not skimmed milk. The pineapple effect on cheese bought by us is made in the indentations of the bag in which the cheese is dried.

The Farmers of Holland.

We passed through more of the fertile flat meadow lands and saw the farmers gathering their hay, milking their cows or fixing their garden plots. Our guide told us that the farmer of Holland was born and died a farmer. He and his people remained farmers and land is difficult to purchase. The farmer seldom, if ever, sells his little patch of land and seldom does the farmer undertake to handle more than a hundred head of cattle, but what he

does he does well.

Referring to the difficulties encountered by storms, the filling up of the Zuider Zee, the more or less stagnant canals, we were told that "God made everything but Holland," but these peo-

ple are blessed in many ways and their industry and thrift are evidenced by their prosperity, their love of art and all that is best, their excellent schools and everything else.

THE WONDERS OF BERLIN

Continuing the series of articles, composed of diary notes taken on his recent tour through Europe, Col August Kohn, of Columbia, in the following sketches, graphically and interestingly tells of many points of interest in and around Berlin, the German metropolis:

We reached Berlin on Saturday afternoon, the 20th of July, and secured comfortable quarters at the Kaiserhof Hotel. When we ventured forth the next morning we found thousands out on the streets walking and riding. To our surprise we found women in the bar rooms and beer gardens. The bars are different from the beer gardens. We afterwards learned that the women who went into the bars were not without blemish, but in the gardens, where the people sit and talk and hear music, Sunday is the great day. These gardens are in and out of the city. Coming into Berlin through its suburbs we passed by dozens of these beer or pleasure gardens with their thousands of good-natured, generous Germans taking an afternoon's innocent pleasure listening to music and meeting friends. On the way out to Potsdam we passed many elegantly furnished beer gardens.

Beer Gardens and Restaurants.

Along the leading business streets are many restaurants and gardens. The tables and patrons are in full view of the passers-by. They see and can be seen and men and women are at little tables eating or drinking—seldom anything stronger than Munchner or Pilsner beer. It is all so wide open, so clean and honest. We have been in Berlin four days and we have not seen a man or woman under the influence of liquor. We have seen one colored man. Berlin is truly a wonderful city. It is the largest and busiest of the large cities in Europe—London and Paris alone being larger. Berlin claims being larger. Berlin claims three million population. The guides tell you that Berlin is mentioned in history in 1237, but it was merely a village until the Great Elector (Frederick William, 1640-88,) took hold of things and, of course, Berlin then was of little consequence and

there was no German Empire as there is to-day, and the Greater Berlin really began as late as the creation of the German Empire and that is merely yesterday in European history. But, how Berlin has grown! It has doubled in size since 1838. The old Berlin is a memory; the guide takes you there but there are no buildings of importance, the oldest things are entrance gates and churches.

Tribute to Kings.

Berlin and its environs are "strong" on palaces and museums. The handsomest buildings, as well as those with which the histories and worth-while things belong to these two classes. They have no Tower, no Westminster, no St Paul, here it is all so new and so different. The cry "The King's dead; long live the King" might have originated in England, but it has its application in Germany. The King of England is a mere minnow in importance as King and in influence, even at home, as compared with William II, the reigning Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia. In England one hears much of Nelson and Wellington and Shakespeare and Disraeli and Gladstone, as well as of Charles and Henry and Edward and sometimes of George, but in Berlin it is much of the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, William the Great and the present Emperor, and his father, Frederick III. Little is heard of others. Bismarck, Moltke and Roon among later-day men, who did things, have made places in history that even Kings fear to discount. The monuments are all to Kings. Here there is an equestrian statue of a King, over there another in marble, another in bronze, another in a building, another in a group, but always it is the King. We saw one statue of Bismarck in Berlin, one of Moltke, another of Roon, a small affair of Schiller along a roadside, one to each of the Humboldts—the scientific giants—in front of the University. There are others, of course, but the point is that the tendency—the whole scheme is to make much of Frederick the Great, William the Great, Frederick III, who was beloved and reigned only a few months and the

present Emperor. The man in civil life plods along and here and there a monument or memorial may be built to him—it is quite different in England.

Made in Germany.

Germany has made and is making wonderful strides in manufacturing, and Berlin, as other of the larger cities, is largely devoted to making things to sell to the other fellow—and are making the emblem "Made in Germany" world-wide in importance. Much of our own cotton is manufactured in Germany. The evidences of militarism is to be seen on every side; not only in the soldiers themselves, but in the way things are done, in the handling of traffic on the streets, in the running of hotels, in the theatres and all about. The Emperor and the military are king bees in Germany. The Empire has a standing army, so it is stated, of nearly 600,000 men and can get a total of trained soldiers of five million by calling for its reserves. Talk to the waiters, to the shop-keepers, the men on the trains, the drivers, the laborers and you find intense German patriotism. It is Germany, first with them. They do not appear to be opposed to army service as much as we think and will tell you that Germany must have a large army to protect itself "against its neighbors," and strange as it may sound to us the Germans have an eye on England more than anyone else, and England has as little idea of hunting trouble as any nation, for it can stand but little trouble.

The Germans do not use English as commonly as did the Hollanders. English is taught in all German schools, but the language is not as generally spoken in the shops and public places.

Castles of Berlin.

There is a great deal to be seen in Berlin, although it does not stress historic shrines—there are several fine museums, art galleries, libraries, churches, and the like. Castles appear to be the show places of Berlin. It is said there are fifty-odd castles for the Emperor throughout the Empire. There are six alone in Potsdam, a great big palace at Charlottenberg; the main Royal Palace in Berlin, the palace of William I, which is closed and each of the four married sons of the Emperor has a palace in Berlin; the Crown

Prince has the Marble Palace in the suburbs as a summer home. It appears to be a custom to close palaces after the death of the ruler who died therein or convert them into museums. The beautiful San Souci Castle in which Frederick the Great had many of his festivities, which is a rare old building, beautifully located and richly furnished, is used as an interesting museum. Frederick the Great, is a great hero in Germany, notwithstanding his gay and frivolous life and from all appearances he must have been a builder and man of advanced ideas. He flourished from 1740-86 and yet he built palaces, colleges and libraries and "bossed" the job of building up Berlin. He had a wife, but he sent her to a palace in Berlin, while he entertained, to him more fascinating women at the palace.

Points of Interest.

Our carriage and guide were to have come for us at 9 o'clock this morning, but in some way went to the wrong hotel, and we did not consequently start out until 10.30 o'clock. Our guide for this day (Cook's) was poor. He did not appear to have any general information, but did the best he could; from 10.30 until 1.30 we spent first at the Hohenzollern Museum, a drive around to see the leading buildings, a visit to the Royal Palace, witnessing the mounting of the guard in the palace, a rest for lunch until 3 o'clock, and in the afternoon a drive about the city, in the Tiergarten and back to the Kaiserhof for 7 o'clock dinner.

Hohenzollern Museum.

We were first taken to the Hohenzollern Museum, which is in the Chateau Monbijou—a house converted into a museum. It is intensely interesting, containing various souvenirs of the Kings and Queens of Prussia from the time of Frederick William, the Great Elector (1620-88.) Previous to this period there are portraits of early Electors, but Germany figures its history and the beginning of its development from "The Great Elector," as he is called and from his day on down there have been either Fredericks, or Frederick Williams, or Williams on the throne—the two names are used in combination or one. The idea is to have in this Hohenzollern Museum

articles intimately connected with the reigning house of the Kingdom, rooms are devoted to each of the Kings and often to Queens, from childhood to death—the baby shoes if they were kept, the first writing, the school books, the suits of clothes, the wedding costume, the hair tonic, presents, paintings of memorable events in the career of each, guns, and swords, saddle and cases of walking canes. The first room as you enter contains relics and souvenirs of William II and Empress Augusta Victoria, now on the throne. The most interesting items are those connected with his school days at Bonn, his souvenirs and the painting of his visit to Jerusalem and the presents on the occasion of his wedding and the silver anniversary. Addresses richly embossed or in gold or silver, decorations and the like are shown. The things that could be used are no doubt not sent to the Museum.

Dwelling Places of the Great.

The next room is that of Frederick (1831-88) and his wife, Victoria, the daughter of Queen Victoria. Here the same line is developed only with different paintings and photographs and dresses. It is one of the most interesting rooms.

Next is the room in which are shown the relics of Emperor William I (1791-1888) and Empress Augusta. The most interesting item in this room is the marble group called "No Time To Be Tired," by Lork. It shows the Emperor dying in a chair, weak and frail and telling those around him he has no time to be tired as there is so much to do.

There are a number of paintings in this as well as other rooms connected with the life of William the Great, including the death-bed scene.

Then we go on through the rooms in which are displayed recollections of Frederick William IV (1795-1861) and Queen Elizabeth; Frederick William III (1770-1840) and Queen Louise; Frederick William II (1744-97); Frederick the Great (1728-86); Frederick William I (1688-1740); Frederick I (1657-1713), and Frederick William, the Great Elector (1620-88.)

The Royal Snuff Boxes.

The collection in the rooms all differ. For instance, Frederick the Great was fond of using snuff and many snuff boxes were sent him as presents and there is a case full of jewelled snuff boxes in this room; one shows a bullet in its side and the story is that the snuff box saved the King's life. The King was a flute player and some of his flutes are shown. He and Voltaire were great friends. Voltaire lived with him at San Souci and there is a painting and other tokens of this friendship.

Such is the scheme of the museum here and some of the carvings, paintings and relics are of real merit.

We next took a glimpse into the new Cathedral (1894-1906.) It is an imposing and beautiful building, towering above everything in Berlin. It is erected on the site of a former cathedral, out the English habit of burying Kings and Queens in the churches does not appear to have been practiced. In the Hohenzollern vault, under the church, there are said to be 87 coffins of the reigning dynasty. There are four monuments in the church. "The Great Elector" and his wife, and Frederick-William and his wife. The church is particularly handsome on the interior and contains very many splendid colored glasses.

THE DWELLING PLACES OF GERMAN ROYALTY

Following is a continuation of the article by Col August Kohn, published in *The Sunday News* last week, descriptive of sights seen in and near Berlin:

From the Cathedral we went to the Royal Palace, which is the winter residence of the Emperor. The exterior is not at all attractive, but the rooms shown to the visitors are extremely beautiful. It is larger in size than a city block in Columbia and is four stories high. You enter the building and have the novel experience of going up-stairs without steps. There are altogether in the building seven hundred rooms, but, of course, general admission is given to but a few of these and they exhibit the general splendor and lavish expenditure of money in this as in the other castles. The rooms are magnificently decorated with tapestry, murals, marble, silver or anything else that might add to its beauty. The paintings, which are quite numerous, are almost all by German artists, and generally represent something connected with the history of the nation; Kings or Queens, bestowal of royal honors, military reviews, battles, funerals and anything that might picture historical events in which royalty was the central figure.

Rooms of the Castle.

After going up the inclined plane for several stories we had to wait while guides brought great bundles of felt slippers. Each person was required to don a pair of these, so that there would be no marks on the exquisite and highly polished floors. It was a novel as well as ludicrous sight to see several hundred people walking in these shoes that looked like canoes. Perhaps the handsomest rooms are the Red Eagle, Black Eagle and the extremely large hall at the end of the building which is used on the opening of the Reichstag or festive occasions. The Red and Black Eagle rooms are used for the bestowal of these orders, and the rooms are hung with tapestry indicative of the orders. The coat of arms and name of recipient are hung here, while huge paintings representing the bestowal, are hung on the walls.

The decorations, mirrors, fireplaces, tables, are in silver; originally it was pure silver, but Frederick the Great, at the time of the war in 1745, had the silver melted up and converted into money for the use of the country; while he had substitutes made of wood and silvered, and these are still in the palace.

The picture gallery, which is almost the length of a Columbia city block, contains many pictures of national interest. Perhaps the most interesting is the picture showing the proclamation of William I as Emperor of Germany at Versailles in 1871. This painting brings out conspicuously the features of all of the principal participants at this ceremony. The gallery on state occasions is converted into a banquet hall and seats four hundred persons.

The Mausoleum.

In the afternoon we drove through the city, visited the Tiergarten and went by the beautiful roads to Charlottenburg, where we saw the castle and the beautiful mausoleum. Here lie the remains of King Frederick William III and his beautiful Queen Louise; and their great son William, the First, Emperor of Germany, with his wife, Empress Augusta. These monuments in marble are quite famous, and are exceptionally beautiful, all recumbent figures. The one of Queen Louise, by Rauch, made a world-wide reputation for him. It looks as if she might open her eyes at any moment and speak, it is so life-like. The effectiveness of the monuments is intensified by the coloring from the windows and glass roof, which sheds a soft blue tint over the white marble, softening and casting beautiful shadows over the building and tombs.

On the return trip from Charlottenburg, which is a city of 250,000 people, we got a good idea of the comfortable homes and spacious grounds with which the people of Berlin are blessed. The highest building is five stories, and for blocks one would be reminded of the row of apartment houses fronting Central Park in New York, except that most of the houses have a generous display of flowers.

Visit to Potsdam.

We devoted Tuesday, July 23, to visiting Potsdam and taking the incident motor and steamer trips to and from. In the public mind Potsdam is generally associated with the site of the Emperor's residence. It is much more than this. Around the castle is a city much larger than Columbia, and instead of there being one castle there are a half dozen, as well as its being the home of several of the crack German regiments. In going to Potsdam from Berlin we travel by motor through the famous Grunewald, which is a forest of pine or spruce trees that the Government is trying hard to maintain. At Wamsee we boarded a motor boat and moved along the lakes along the banks of which are beautiful homes of the wealthy classes. Nearing the castles we again boarded the motor car to go to the new castle—the home place of William II—he lives here most of the time. When we visited the palace the Emperor was away visiting Norway, and we did not bother to send our cards! A pen picture at best would be inadequate to describe the beauty of this group of buildings. The new castle, the home place, is only one of a group, and while it commands most interest, there are other palaces, houses for the Reichstag, surpassingly beautiful gardens, walks and grottos and the picturesque Sans Souci, and its classic gardens. Frederick the Great, must have been a great builder, and wonderful man, to have planned and executed such work. The Sans Souci Palace was first constructed, and that ought to have been fine enough for anyone, but while war was going on he built the new palace and kept on beautifying the grounds, adding monuments and fountains.

A Homelike Palace.

The new palace is homelike, if a royal palace with all its richness can be so considered. It has two hundred apartments, including a private theatre, where old Frederick the Great had one of his favorites, an Italian, dance for him. The most striking and beautiful room in this castle or palace is the shell room; the entire effective decorations are wrought out of sea-shells and specimens of minerals. Exquisite designs are made of colored shells, panels are effectively made with shells and polished minerals. The present Emperor is said to be partial to this room, which is not surprising, and he adds to the decorations whenever

he secures a worthwhile specimen. It is surprising what effective work has been done with these ornamental shells. The new palace is about two hundred years old, but it was well constructed and there have been few changes or improvements in all these years. In the part open to the public the changes were incident to the installation of electric lights and steam heat. In parts of the palace—the hall leading to the theatre—the original pine board floor is still to be seen. The theatre built in the palace by Frederick the Great is in use now. It has a seating capacity of five hundred, and although the stage is quite small, leading actors appear there before the Kaiser and his invited guests. The theatre is tastily arranged and is suggestive of the completeness of the place. The Kaiser was away on a trip to Norway and the state rooms were thrown open to the public. There are some fine paintings throughout the palace and many of the ceilings are elaborately frescoed.

Interesting Sans Souci.

While the new palace is kept up to the highest standard and is a palatial home of real elegance and represents lavish expenditures, the Sans Souci Palace is most interesting. It is intimately associated with Frederick the Great and his memorable reign. As you enter the palace—one-story building—you are shown the apartments occupied by Voltaire, the friend of Frederick. Voltaire's rooms are decorated with carvings of nature. In the room is the table on which he did most of his writing. The name of the palace means "Without Care," and no one lives in the charming place now; indeed, the rooms of Frederick the Great are just as they were when the King died.

Next to Voltaire's rooms are those occupied by Frederick IV; then the music room, the room in which Frederick IV died, and then the private apartments of Frederick the Great. The library and dining room, though small, are masterpieces. When the door to the library closes it has the appearance of being a part of solidly built library. A splendid carving in marble is that of Magnussen, showing the old King dying in his chair at the age of 76. He is represented as a dried-up sharp-featured old man, too weak to move in his armchair. Under the chair is a dog.

Emperor's Fondness for Dogs.

Frederick the Great was very fond of dogs, and in front of Sans Souci are the graves, with slabs, marking the resting places of eleven of the King's dogs, and two others are buried elsewhere. At the front entrance are chairs provided for dogs to rest upon. A little clock stopped at 2.20 o'clock, the guide will tell you, marks the exact hour of this King's death, and he will add the unbelievable statement that it stopped of its own accord the moment the King died. Napoleon took this clock to Paris, but it was brought back to the palace. There are many handsome paintings in the palace by Watteau, Lancret, Pater, Sylvestre and Pesne. There are a few specimens by Rubens, Van Dyck and others, but nothing of world-wide repute.

Fronting Sans Souci is the wonderful Terrace Garden. It is made up of six separate terraces, covering a height of sixty-six feet. The terraces now show a beautiful array of flowers and small fruit. On the level ground is a large fountain, elaborately decorated and projecting a strong stream of clear water. The garden scene is beautiful and perhaps sets the example for many of the present-day beautiful gardens.

Frederick the Great's Tomb.

We visited the Garrison Church, where Frederick William I and Frederick the Great are buried in metal caskets behind the altar. It is in this church that Frederick the Great gave the minister sand-glasses and told him not to speak longer than it took the glass to exhaust its sand. Whether this be true or not there are sand-glasses now at the side of the lecture-table.

We were shown the palace in which Theodore Roosevelt and others were quartered when they visited the Kaiser and then we started homeward—to Berlin.

Again for more than twenty miles we spun along beautiful roads, even that far out the roads are covered with asphalt; that is part of the road—say about fifteen feet, the balance of the roadway is an excellent dirt road, used for horses, marching and pedestrians.

In and around Berlin the streets are in beautiful condition. Under den Linden is an avenue wider than those in Columbia. This as well as other streets are paved with asphalt and

they are kept as clean as some homes. The asphalt looks glassy, but it is said to be entirely satisfactory. In London much wood-block and some brick are used, but wood-block is to London what asphalt is to Berlin.

Prices in Germany.

We spent the next days in Berlin taking things easy, visiting the stores and driving about the streets of the beautiful city. We spent some time in the shopping district, buying a few souvenirs and presents to take home with us.

Our conclusions were that on the general run of things the prices were just about the same as they are in America. The general run of articles is pretty much the same. The women dress exactly as do ours, and are extremely stylish, healthy looking and with fine complexions. The men dress as we do, only their clothes fit rather loosely; nearly all carry canes.

We had an old German hackman take us on a drive about the city for an afternoon, and he explained everything to us in German. They charge by metre on horse carriages, regular hacks the same as with taxicabs. The minimum fare is 70 pfennings, or about 17 cents in our money. For this you can ride about a quarter of a mile and then the metre records each additional 10 pfennings or 2 1-2 cents worth of additional distance travelled. The hacks charge by distance and not by the hour, unless engaged from a stable. There are thousands of the open hacks and taxicabs on the streets. 'Busses are used as in England. Street cars and an underground road are there, but the people appear to prefer the lumbering 'busses, particularly as the street cars do not travel over the principal streets, as do the 'busses.

Wonderful Ice Palace.

We saw a wonderful sight at the Ice Palace one evening while in Berlin. The palace is a large, well constructed building. The main section of the ground floor is a frozen body of water, frozen by machinery sufficiently hard for skating. The ice-space is surrounded by space for tables and above are three tiers, around which are grouped hundreds of tables. In one end is a splendid orchestra. On the ice rink the performance is given, by solo skaters, by clowns, by groups and then comes the wonderful tableaux in which fifty-nine fine skaters, all gaily costumed, appear. You must



IN THE ROSE GARDEN, AT BERLIN

Arranged by the Emperror, William II, for Empress Augusta Victoria, on account of her fondness for Roses.

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marvel at how agile the performers are on their narrow ice-skates, and what tricks they perform. The tableaux are superbly staged. The people sit around, talk and drink their beer or eat lunches or suppers.

One wonders when the people work, as so many seem at most times bent upon pleasure, and so many are to be found day and night in the places of amusement.

DRESDEN, THE SAXON CAPITAL

We left Berlin Thursday for Dresden on the fast express and arrived in the Saxon Capital without special incident. We were met at the station by representatives from Cook's offices as well as from the Hotel Bellevue, at which we were to stop. We found our hotel quite comfortable, located on the banks of the Elba River. The room to which we were assigned was very large and beautifully furnished. The furniture was of a highly polished wood, probably ash, and was complete in every detail. The bath rooms are not here connected with the bed rooms. At this hotel as in many others as well as in restaurants and private homes meals are served out of doors. The Bellevue has a beautiful garden and around this are arranged tables. Meals are served there during the summer season and few persons are to be seen indoors, where, of course, meals can be had if preferred.

The Size of Dresden.

In Dresden, as in the other cities we visited, we had made advance engagements of guide and carriage and here we had a very good guide, an old fellow named Seliger. He was a Saxon, who had been a waiter, had travelled considerably, spoke English more fluently than correctly, had been a guide for years and knew the wonderful art galleries like the books from which he had probably gotten his text. As it looked like rain and our guide suggested that it had rained during several previous afternoons we took the morning instead of the afternoon for our drive, and devoted the afternoon to getting a general view of Dresden. First of all we were surprised at the size of Dresden. It is a city of over a half million people, and such a well kept place! There are street cleaning gangs out day and night. One must be impressed with the great number of public buildings, most of which are used for the pleasure, education and culture of the people. Museums, galleries, gardens, institutes, and such institutions have been provided for centuries. The city and Government support a splendid opera house and theatre, two buildings. It maintains free baths. One of these houses was just opposite our hotel on the Elba and the

tendency appears to do everything for the pleasure and cultivation of the Saxons. It is surprising that so very much is undertaken. The people seem satisfied with themselves and their conditions, and say that but little emigration is now seen from Saxony. They, too, have had an industrial rejuvenation and claim that much of this is due to Bismarck and the present Emperor who made and upholds the German Empire. The Saxons now say they do their business direct with the foreign markets, instead of England getting much of the cream by the business having formerly gone through English merchants and by English vessels.

How Saxony is Governed.

Saxony occupies the same relative position to the German Empire that South Carolina or Massachusetts does to the United States. It is a separate and distinct kingdom as to its internal affairs, governed locally by its own home Parliament, but owing allegiance to the German Empire and controlled from Berlin in all national affairs—commerce, postoffice and the like, the same as in America. In Saxony the King, August, rules instead of an elective officer and King August is descended from the same line that has been on the throne for eight hundred years in Saxony. He is much beloved and has the sympathy of his people. His wife, Louisa, became enamored with an Italian teacher and ran away with him to Italy and the King has the six motherless children. The King is constantly thinking of how best to add to the pleasures of the people. An old castle with a large park is now a beautiful resort. What in former days was a bull fighting arena and show place is now a fine garden. In Dresden, as in Berlin, flowers are to be seen on all sides—in the beautifully kept public parks, in the avenues, in private gardens and in windows. Pretty much every home has its boxes of flowering plants showing from the windows. We drove about the city for over two hours, visited the best residential section, the industrial part, crossed the Elba River and went over into the newer part of the city, where the barracks for soldiers are located. The Saxons form part of the army of the German Empire

and fought in the Franco-Prussian war for Germany; and while the Saxons tell you their army of 90,000 is independent it is part and parcel of Germany's powerful fighting machine—perhaps the strongest in the world ready for quick action.

An Educational Centre.

Dresden is very much of a resort and educational centre, both in the sciences and in art and in consequence supports fine hotels. In the winter season Germans flock to the city and in summer many Americans. There are just about fifteen galleries and museums of one sort and another in Dresden—museums for history, for porcelain, for Saxon art, for industry, military affairs, antiquities, sculpture, precious stones, railway equipment—each with its own building or section. For a brief stay it is impracticable to drive about the city, through its fine parks, visit the Castle, its chinaware plants and have a chance to eat, so we "covered" the city in a carriage and devoted the major portion of the afternoon to the New Museum.

The New Museum.

This is just the pride and boast of all Germany. The collection ranks with the very finest—those at the Louvre and at Florence—both in size and in the repute of the artists whose works are here assembled. There are over three thousand specimens on the walls and well might two or three days be devoted to the study of such an exhibit, particularly by those fond of such things. One enters a room covered with Ruben's work, is rushed into the Rembrandt section, over to the other Dutch artists, Vermeer, Van Dyck, and then over the specimens of Correggio and Titian, or over to a room with the striking work of Michael Angelo or others of the great world-known artists. So it went, through room after room we went until the Dutch School, as they call it, looked like the prize winner. Then we were taken to the Italian or the French schools of art. Out of the nearly four thousand paintings by "old masters," few are German or English. The upper floor is devoted to modern German art, and while much of it attracts it is a mile or two from the standard of the old painters—Rembrandt, Vermeer, Rubens, Van Dyck, Murillo, Velasquez, Ruizdael, Correggio, Dolci, Snyder, Dou, Jordaens, Hobbins, Paul Potter, Vander Werff, Bottecelli, Titian, An-

gelo and the host of contemporaries. It is all wonderful how five and six hundred years ago these artists painted with such wonderful skill and how today a Botticelli or a Correggio painted before the dawn of the year 1500 retains its original coloring and beauty in every detail. The modern school may emulate Turner, but for me a Millet, or a Raphael, or a Dolci, or a Vermeer, who all painted with detail and not in high spots.

The Sistine Madonna.

Why in the "Sistine Madonna," the pearl of the Dresden collection, one hand of Sixtus shows what appears to be a sixth finger. In reality it is the fleshy part of the hand! The Sistine Madonna is considered the masterpiece of this priceless collection. It is in a room all to itself and seats are provided for those who wish to sit for hours and admire its execution and wonder at the patience and skill of Raphael. We walked and walked, saw picture after picture, and wondered at the richness of the by-gone centuries. Then I wondered why so many Madonnas, Biblical subjects and scenes of the birth and death of Christ, had been painted and why the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries insisted upon duplicating Madonnas and Biblical scenes, especially from the Old Testament, and the answer was simple enough—the churches had the money and were the customers for the products. Instead of trying to paint better Madonnas, how I would have liked to see illustrations for the time, showing how the people dressed, what they did for a living, how they manufactured, how they amused themselves from say 1400 to 1500. Pretty much all the specimens we saw in Dresden of Rubens and his pupil Jordaens, were all of nude subjects and show naught of dress, habits or anything other than a conception of mythology for the women pictured are too robust to be real. The best thing we saw by Rubens was the portrait of his sons.

The Finest Paintings.

But all this is a mere layman's views. To my mind the best pictures in the gallery were: Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," Vander Werff's "The Exile of Hagar," Correggio's "The Holy Night," Angelo's "Cheating at Cards," Gabriel Max's "Ein Father Unser" Prayer, Defregger's "Rising of the Tyroleans," Adolph Echter's "The Ruin of the Family." The three latter pictures are

modern, but attracted me much more than did hundreds of the old masters. There was a human interest in the subjects.

There are two paintings of Magdalena in repose; one by Correggio and the other by Batoni. While very much alike in pose and style the chief difference is in the coloring. I rather like the Correggio. We remained in the gallery until it was ready to close. We then went into the business section,

bought several novels to read, guide book on Munich and post cards and then our guide took us to the display room of A. Lamm, 28 Zuisendorf Strasse, where we were shown some wonderful examples of hand-painted Dresden china.

We were quartered within a stone's throw of the Castle and other public buildings, but had neither time nor inclination to visit them.

MUNICH AND ITS ATTRACTIONS

Arriving at Munich we were met at the chief station by the representatives of Cook and went directly to the Regina Palast Hotel, where we found room 202 reserved for us. After refreshing we went to dinner, the evening meal, and later walked within close call of the hotel. We found our room very comfortable, but were not particularly impressed with the meals during our stay, which continued until Wednesday afternoon. We devoted practically four full days to Munich, because of the great reputation the city enjoys as a centre of art and study and because of the family interest. We were thoroughly delighted with Munich. To my notion it is the most attractive city, up to the present in our itinerary.

The following facts struck me as characteristic in Munich:

The beauty and multiplicity of its public buildings.

The extent and quality of its museums.

The wonderful patronage of the beer gardens.

The everlasting habit of eating, drinking and pleasure-seeking.

The extent to which women work—street cleaning, in shops, on wagons, etc.

The frequency of the Tyrollean dress among both men and women.

The insistence of the Bavarians that they are an independent nation and that their allegiance to Germany is merely nominal so far as they are concerned.

The great number of students in the city.

The splendid hospital system.

The Beer Gardens of Munich.

To the average visitor who is here for a day Munich's fame rests largely on its museums and its beer gardens, and these are to be wondered at. Our first day in the Bavarian city was on a festive occasion and many visitors were here. Bands of music were present and at the Hall of Fame we saw a fine exhibition of the various types of Bavarians. We had a guide from Cook's and a carriage for Sunday, and aside from the beauty of the city and the magnificence of the monuments, we were struck with the openness of the feasting on Sunday. Driving out by

the gardens we went by or through four open-air places in which there were assembled thirty thousand men, women and children all bent on having a good time, and that seemed to consist in sitting around with friends, listening to music, drinking beer and eating dry bread or crackers. These are not the only gardens; hundreds of little parks are converted into beer gardens. The breweries have annexes where beer is served. Walk up Neuhauser street, the leading business street, and about every fifth building is a restaurant without front doors, and as far as the eye can reach tables around which are grouped well-dressed Bavarians with their steins of beer conspicuous as table decorations. Here and there is a large beer garden in the city with place for its thirsty thousands. We were taken in the morning to the Hofbrau and here there were thousands starting up their thirsts for the day. They were seated, men and women, around long uncovered wooden benches, with ill-smelling floors. Some of the men were smoking. Soldiers, civilians and all were mixed in one good-natured crowd. Out in the open, without cover or floor, stood many with up-turned barrels for tables. This flourishing Hofbrau we were told was the property of the King and its profits were royal perquisites. Here as in many other gardens there are no waiters; if you want beer you walk up to the rack filled with empty steins, wash one if you wish and then take your place in the waiting line to reach the man or woman at the faucet, who may be pouring the beer from a barrel four times the size of what we see at home. Having had your glass or stein filled and paid your six and a quarter cents for a quart of beer you walk through the railing and take your place at a table with your friends. One buyer may have three or four mugs filled while he is at the counter. In the afternoon while out at the Augustine Garden, near the Nymphenberger Castle, we were seated near one of these beer-dispensing stalls and during the half hour or more that we sat there there were never less than fifty in line, men, women and children, all with their steins for the foaming beer. There is no service, no

napkins, no salt, no pickles—nothing. If you want a cracker or a slice of bread an old woman generally sells it at two cents a thick slice for bread. Of course there are many of the beer gardens or restaurants where service is provided and then it is generally by women. At the Exposition Park, where we were served, there were perhaps a hundred women waiting on tables and this appeared to be the general custom. There are about twenty-five breweries in and around Munich, the majority being very large enterprises. They manufacture millions of barrels of beer per annum. These people drink it to their stomachs' content and in the four days we were here we did not see a person under the influence of intoxicants, and yet this beer will intoxicate. Once in a while you see a sign "American bar," but in the gardens beer is the only drinkable. In good weather all appear to want to get out of doors and the men, women and children have absolutely no scruple about the publicity of their beer-drinking. They look like a healthy and law-abiding set of people.

The City's Show Places.

It would take a study of the directory or the hand-books to compile a list of the museums, exhibition halls and art galleries in Munich. Our guide said there were from fifty to sixty and there is no reason to disbelieve this statement and, what is more, they are all worth while. Art, music and medicine are specialties here and it is estimated that there are 20,000 students here engaged in some one of these lines of study. The majority come from other countries; America contributes 4,000 to 5,000 students, some come from Russia, some from England, from Italy and their homes are world-wide. The museums, libraries, galleries, hospitals and halls are for them, as well as for the home folks. Our guide was a bit of an "insurgent." He pointed out one castle after another assigned to royalty or its next of kin, and the guards marching in front of the royal home made him all the more insistent that the people were being taxed to death to keep up these places. The Prince Regent has a spacious city castle next to and connected with the Royal Opera House, and then there are castles for his two sons and for the third generation. The Prince Regent is 92 years of age and has been running things pretty much his own

way. Ludwig I. was the sovereign who is credited with the upbuilding of the attractions for the public—the parks, museums and monuments. Few communities, if any, have so much right at their door in the way of educational and cultural advantages. One of the finest things here is the large Children's Hospital, where the little ones are kept until they are quite well, if such can be accomplished. In the matter of museums we could not see all, for there is the excellent Bavarian National Hospital, the Maximillianeum, the Schack Gallery, the Glyptothek, the Hall of Fame, the Royal Library, the castles with their magnificence, and finally, the Old and New Pinakothek, a most unusual name and difficult to pronounce, coming from the Greek.

The Pinakothek.

The Pinakothek is the art gallery. There are two, each occupying a city block, and the old and the new are splendid structures. The old Pinakothek was constructed in 1826-36 and long before that the collection began. In the older gallery the old masters predominate, while in the new Pinakothek entire attention is given the newer generation of artists except in the copies which are generous and excellent. The older gallery is particularly proud of its Rubens rooms, but somehow the pictures did not appeal to me. They lack human interest, and while the finish and details are wonderful they are not thrilling. Over in a corner room are several small paintings by Murillo depicting street loafers eating melon, and one with an old grandmother combing out a little rascal's hair. These have the touch of real life that appeals to me. Over in the new Pinakothek there is a group called "Pater Noster," by Walter Friele, that thrills. One is "Thy Will be Done," an only son dying with the weeping mother at the bedside; "Forgive Us Our Sins," a wayward daughter returning to the fold of her hard-working family; and "Give Us Our Daily Bread," picturing the little family group in family devotions. Madonnas have their beauty, but the picture with life appeals. The older gallery has dozens and dozens of Madonnas and Biblical topics, one artist trying to outdo the other or to give a varying version. In the old gallery my preferences were:

Murillo's street Arab groups.

Rubens's "The Last Day—Judgment."

Hals's family group.

Tenier's peasantry pictures.
 Durer's picture of himself.
 Rembrandt's "Sacrifice of Isaac."
 In the new the preference is:
 Defregger's "Storming of the Red Tower."
 Firle's "Pater Noster," three paintings.
 Bodenmuller's "Bavarian Army. Battle of Worth."
 Hanno Rhomberg's "The Sleigh-Maker."

Washington Allston's Contribution.

There are in the old gallery about three thousand and in the new more than a thousand specimens, and at best merely a superficial study can be made. Such collections as these attract lovers of art the world over, and the collection is being constantly increased. The catalogue of the new gallery shows a small oil painting by Washington Allston. It describes the painter in a line by saying he "was born on a plantation in South Carolina 1779 and died July, 1842." The specimen is of no particular moment except its authorship, and is about 8 by 10 or 12 inches. It shows a garden in the foreground and a large square brick or stone building in the rear. It is called "Giardino di Malta, in Rome." I tried to buy a photograph of the painting, but none was available. I hope to be able to get one later.

A Study of Old Records.

As I've said, my people, on my father's side, came from Munich to America. Previous to residence in Munich they had lived in Wurzburg, and previous to that in Schwanfeld and other Bavarian villages. We started out with our guide to get in touch with some one who might put us in touch with parties from whom we could get accurate information. Our guide proved to be unavailing and without sufficient information to know how to locate things. I had a medal that was awarded my grandfather at the Industrial Exposition in 1840, during the reign of Ludwig I, and I gave him the medal on which to make the search as to the occasion of its award. He found nothing. I went to the American consulate, having first secured letters of introduction from the department of State, through Senator Tillman. I met a young man—about twenty-two or three—there. He knew nothing and apparently cared less. He did not even invite my wife to take a seat. The sum total was that he suggested that there was nothing for him to do. While talk-

ing to the young man, afterwards, we found he was the deputy consul, a young German, probably a clerk, came up and offered to help me. I told him I wanted to search the records of births. This young man, Richard Lemp, first went to the city office where such records are kept. There we were told that they had no records of births or deaths prior to 1876 and suggested that we seek the "rabbinitat." This we did and found the birth records beautifully kept. I found the record in full of my dear father's birth, where he was born, April 28, 1840, the attending physician, the godfather who stood for him, the name and occupation of his father, Philipp Kohn, and his mother, Dina, born Lichtenstein. In the same book I found the record of the uncle after whom I was named, August Philipp, and an aunt, Wilhelmina. There seemed to be some objection to my using the books and the clerk said they would make any transcript. I had certified copies made and paid for these, and hoped then to examine further the beautifully kept records. I asked to have a photograph made of the finely kept record, full in detail, but the clerk said he would have to get authority, as such a request had never before been made. I left some money to augment my request for the photograph, but am most doubtful of hearing further. The record is in the book recording births from 1831, and that of my father is indexed Number — in the book of original entries. Here we were recommended to Mr David Wasserman, 22 Maximilian strasse, who had made a special study of family histories, and from the people in the vicinity whence came our folks, with the data already in hand, we gathered considerable information with regard to their interest and part in public affairs, where they had lived, what they had done and the like. Mr Wasserman we found a most unique and interesting man. For twenty-five years, he has gathered family records, beginning with that of his own family. Five years ago, having accumulated a fortune, he retired from business and to have some occupation he devoted himself to the gathering and compiling of records of the Jewish people in Bavaria. He travelled to various places, sought and studied the official records, worked on the Acts and statutes, and has a bewildering and amazing mass of data. He expects to have the mate-

rial printed and it would be a great pity if it were not done. Mr Wasserman has package upon package of alphabetically arranged notes, and from these notes he has compiled eight volumes of material for publication. All are in German and I had no opportunity to examine the style, but they appeared to me to be more in the nature of compendiums of facts, acts and data from official sources than a connected running story. It is rather work done in the fashion of the orthodox historian, with authority from where everything is compiled. It is a stupen-

dous work in every way. Mr Wasserman married a most agreeable lady from Baltimore, and she is much interested in his work, as it gives her husband pleasure.

Munich has a particularly fine water supply, and near our hotel, the Regina Palest, a monument is erected to the engineer who planned and gave the city its water. They are lavish in the use of water, having many elaborate fountains and use water freely for their flowers, and this we have noticed in every city having floral displays.

VIENNA, A WIDE-AWAKE CITY

From Munich we went to Ischl, which is known as a famous summer resort, being much frequented by the Austrians and the Bavarians. It is locally known as Bad Ischl, "Bad" meaning "salt." It is made fashionable, to a large extent, because Kaiser Franz Joseph, the Austrian Emperor, has his summer home there and is quite fond of the place. In season it has 20,000 people and out of season, in winter, its population is about 4,000.

We went to Ischl for the distinct purpose of meeting my uncle, Dr Bernard Wald, and his family. He is the only brother my mother has living in Europe, and having never seen him, I was anxious to do so. We had written him and Uncle Bernard, his daughter, Lucia, and her husband, Alfred Weiss, were at the little station to meet us. We went to the Hotel Kreusa, where we were comfortably established, but took all of our meals at the Villa Lucia, with our Uncle and Aunt, whom we found most agreeable and delightful folks.

Going to Ischl, we left the regular train at Salzburg and boarded a narrow-gauge train. It was, indeed, a novel experience in this little train winding our way up the mountains, the Tyrolean range, to Ischl. The scenery from Salzburg to Ischl is extremely beautiful, passing one lake after another, bound in by towering mountains. Much of the scenery reminded me of the Canadian Rockies, particularly in the Lake Louise section. Along the lake sides are summer cottages, many being illuminated by electric lights. We were here, as in many other cases, the only first-class passengers on the train, and with flickering and waving lights the picturesqueness was perhaps overshadowed by the lonesomeness amidst the great mountains.

They say that in Carlsbad and other European resorts much of the pleasure and rest is being dissipated by the over-dressing. The fear of this has perhaps led the women of Ischl to the general adoption of the simple but attractive Tyrolean costume. It is quite "the thing" to see the best folks on the promenade wearing the attractive costumes of the natives. There are many baths at Ischl, mostly attractive because of the saline properties of the

water. The water is drunk a great deal, and so is beer, but, like most other resorts, most of the folks go because it is "fashionable" and others to rest.

We were very glad we went to Ischl because of the scenery, because of the genuine pleasure in meeting our Uncle and Aunt and their folks, and because we saw 20,000 German-speaking people—Austrians and Germans, mostly, in a typical summer resort having a good time, and we saw how a little town encourages such visitors by building promenades, by erecting club houses and music halls, by maintaining beautiful flower gardens and, in fact, by doing everything that may be best to attract and hold strangers.

Vienna a Big Surprise.

From Ischl we went to Vienna. In our itinerary we had provided two days to the Austrian Capital—it was far too little time to gather more than a bird's-eye view, so to speak, of this surprisingly large community. Vienna, or Wien, as it is generally called throughout the Continent, is much larger and more important than we supposed. It is a wide-awake and growing city of two millions of people. Of course, there are various people of various nations in Vienna, Hungarians, Bohemians and Gallicians, but German is the language of business. We found less English spoken here than in the other places thus far visited, and my little German stood me in good stead.

There is, perhaps, more building going on in Vienna than in other cities visited—the best evidence of growth. In brief, what struck us most in Vienna were:

The beauty of the public buildings.

The systematic business of beautifying the city.

The Ringstrasse idea, one important street circling the city with most of the important buildings on it.

The pleasure-loving and open-air life of the people, coffee sharing in popularity in the large open-air coffee-beer houses.

The unusual educational advantages of the city.

The already large and growing manufacturing enterprises of the place.

The intense Catholicism of the community and finally the veneration in

which the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, I, is held.

Our guide, who was with us all day, as well as others, suggested that as long as the venerable Francis Joseph lives there will be no trouble, but "things are liable to happen after his death." Francis Joseph is evidently a good man, with a democratic heart. He has had a bitter life—his wife was assassinated by a crazy fellow and his only son, Rudolph, killed himself or was killed about a woman, and the crown goes to Francis Joseph's brother's family.

Wien is, indeed, a surprise. It is somewhat out of the beaten path and is plodding along and does not figure largely in the American press or magazines, but it has superb buildings, clean streets, extensive street car lines, extensive and expensive canals, prosperous industries, cotton, wool, leather, lace and much else, and it is keeping up its pace.

The City's Beautiful Buildings.

When you go into St Stephen's, the beautiful Cathedral, you will be told that the structure was partly built in 1359 and that the construction continued until 1556; then you will be told that the Augustinerkirche was built in 1330-1339, that the Hofberg Castle, in the city, was occupied by the royal princes in the thirteenth century, and when you go out to Schonbrunn, the beautiful residence of the Emperor, the guide will show you the distinct fragment of a wall said to have been part of a Roman castle, occupied 180 A. D. But these are not what impress you, nor what the people emphasize. It is the new Vienna that you admire, the fine new buildings; those erected during the reign of the incumbent sovereign, the Museums, the Votiv-Church, the Universities, the Opera Houses, the Theatres, the House of Parliament, libraries, City Hall, monuments, palaces and other striking structures. The City Hall cost \$6,000,000, which is indicative of how freely money is spent for public buildings. It is a highly decorated and attractive structure.

Ride around the wide Ringstrasse and you pass the City Hall, House of Parliament, Royal Opera House, University, the Palace of Justice, the Bourse, the chief museums, police headquarters, Chamber of Commerce building, banks, and as you pass one splendid and artistic building after another you wonder why Vienna is so seldom on the tourist's itinerary. It may

be because they are stressing to-day, and are building on yesterday.

Maria Theresa and Francis Joseph I, the present Emperor, are the distinct favorites with the Austrians. These two, it is urged, have done most for the upbuilding and development of Vienna than all other rulers. Maria Theresa reigned for forty years, bore sixteen children, built, planned and was a woman who "did" things. Francis Joseph in early life planned the Ringstrasse, erected memorial churches, public buildings, extended the castles, beautified the gardens and city in general, and soon became one of the people. He opened the grounds in and around the City Castle to the people, threw open the splendid gardens and parks at Schonbrunn to the folk and is constantly doing things for the pleasure of his people.

He is now a man more than ten years beyond the three-score and ten, yet he is apparently hale and hearty. We are told that the Prince Regent of Bavaria, a man 92 years old, took his daily open-air plunge, and that in January and February his younger attendants thought this open-air bathing just a bit of a prank.

Our Cook guide was a devout Catholic, and he somewhat emphasized the Church visitations with us, those we visited being very beautiful.

St Stephen's Cathedral.

St Stephen's Cathedral is one of the largest we have seen. Its architecture is along fine lines and the building is large and roomy. The structure was begun in the twelfth century and finished in the sixteenth. While we were in the church there were various groups bent in prayer and we were told that the building is crowded on Sundays and holy days. Services are held during the week every half-hour. We noticed here, and particularly at the chapel connected with Schonbrunn Palace, that many worshippers knelt on the marble floor in the aisles during prayers. At the beautiful Schonbrunn Chapel we saw in the Emperor's own place of worship men and women of all classes and conditions—beggars and officers, ill-clad children and women with jewels, all praying together in the self-same temple as their Emperor. Other sovereigns appear a bit more exclusive. This chapel is always open for services, whether the Emperor is present or not.

The Imperial Vault.

We went to the Imperial vault, in the Kapuzinerkirche, where all the Imperial Austrian family have been "buried." There are one hundred and thirty coffins, of brass, lead and other metals, and most of them are elaborately decorated, being then called sarcophagi. The most elaborate and beautiful of the number is that of Maria Theresa and husband. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Rudolph, of the reigning family, are buried in this royal crypt, but the present Emperor is having an additional wing built where his body will be placed and his wife and son will be moved. It is somewhat noteworthy that the hearts of all the sovereigns are taken out, placed in silver urns and then given place in the Augustinerkirche—the bodies are in the crypt of Kapuzinerkirche and the hearts in the district church. In Venice we have just heard that according to the will of Canova his body lies in one place, his heart is harbored by the magnificent tomb in his father's church and his right hand at the institution which gave his hand its cunning. While in Vienna we met the family of my cousin, Dr Heinrich Wald, a practicing lawyer, who was delighted to see us and with whom we spent considerable time. His eldest daughter, Erno, is a beautiful type of young womanhood. She spent much time with us and was our escort for the second day of our Vienna trip, and went with us to the Imperial Royal Museum of Art. This is a somewhat smaller collection than those of Dresden and Munich, but there are many very fine paintings, more than one has time to study. The collection is particularly "strong" on its item in the Italian school—Titian, Tintoretto, Bellini, Raphael and hosts of others, but two of the main Italian sections were undergoing repairs and could not be seen.

The pictures of those we saw that we liked best were:

Matizko's "Fall of Poland."

Peter Krafft's "To the War and Return." (2.)

Kurzbaauer's "Runaway, Captured."

There are a great many specimens by Rubens and his work appears always to have a delicate finish. One of the best specimens by Rubens is the portrait of his wife, full size. While in the gallery we met Mr Albert Wasseroegel, who has done some excellent

copying in the gallery, and he proved a pleasant conductor.

The Beautiful Tapestries in the Imperial Palace.

We visited the Imperial Palace in Vienna, but found that one palace is very much like another. The Austrian palace is quite simple; of course it is handsome and comfortable, but not as ornate nor as massive as Windsor or Potsdam. The charm of the Castle at Vienna is in its fine tapestries. Instead of many paintings there are numerous large and exquisite tapestries, large enough to cover the side of a wall. Most of these tapestries were made between 1685 and 1690, and are illustrative of epochal events in the history of Austro-Hungary. We went into the room formerly occupied by Queen Maria Theresa, saw the canopy, furniture, etc, but the most unique feature of the room was the fine large clock. It had all the hour numbers reversed. The clock was made in this way because in front of her bed was a large mirror and the Queen wished to know the time from her bed without stirring.

The building is not even steam-heated and the first telephone installed was in the guest chamber for Kaiser Wilhelm, on the occasion of his visit several years ago. A new and modern addition is now being made to the Castle.

Since the death of his wife Emperor Francis Joseph, while at the Capital, makes his home at Schonbrunn altogether. It was built by Leopold I and rebuilt by Maria Theresa as a summer residence. It is within easy riding distance of Vienna and is an altogether beautiful place. It is a very large place, has over fourteen hundred rooms and has numerous fine specimens of painting and sculpture. To me the spacious and beautiful gardens were most attractive. Such a garden may be seen elsewhere, but the arching and shaping of the trees are both beautiful and unique. There is a menagerie in the park also, open to the public. It is not generally remembered that the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon, died in this castle in 1832, and that he is buried in the Imperial crypt in Vienna.

We had but little time for shopping in Vienna, perhaps less than in any city, and we left there for Venice at 9.15 o'clock at night.

VENICE, A CITY OF THE PAST

We boarded a sleeping car at Vienna and came directly through to Venice, leaving the former city at 9.15 at night and arriving here at 2 o'clock the next day. We had a compartment, with an upper and lower berth, and were quite comfortable. When we awoke Sunday morning we were in the midst of mountains and these continued along our route almost until we reached Venice, where, of course, the land is flat and level. About 8 o'clock we had to pass the Italian customs officers. Generally we were asked to open satchels, but with the Italian officer a knock on the state room door was about all. At noon we had a very good luncheon on the train in the regular dining car. Meals were served here at a fixed price. The Italian village is quite small, a cluster of tiled brick buildings, generally with a church in the midst, and off to the next settlement runs a splendidly constructed rock road. The whole country looks neat and clean.

How to Get About Venice.

Arriving at Venice we are met by the porter of the Hotel Danielli, where we are to stop. Our baggage is taken to a waiting gondola, and after we are seated our boat speeds on through the canals to the hotel and we get out at the side door into the main building. The entire trip is made by the gondola; in fact you may go to any part of Venice by these narrow and long little craft that occupy so conspicuous a place in song and romance. The impression with many is that the only way to get about in Venice is by gondola, that all the business and visiting is done on these gondolas. This is a mistake. Venice is a peninsula, cut and recut by canals for these gondola and freight boats, but the canals are so narrow that here and there a bridge is built connecting one strip of land or virgin soil with another. In this way you may walk from one end of Venice to the other by land and bridges. Along the water front the piers or extensions to the water are connected by elevated bridges, under which all gondolas may pass. These arched bridges throughout the city appear low and narrow, but two gondolas can pass each other in the arch. There is one grand canal, wider than the intersecting and bisecting lesser ones. This runs in some-

thing of an S shape from east to west, through the heart of the city. There are in all about one hundred and fifty canals leading to and from the grand canal and the bay. Venice proper is quite small in area and you can readily walk out into the nearby public gardens.

Its Loss of Prestige.

The city is credited with 170,000 population. It is growing but little—very little—and while a most beautiful and picturesque place, live with history and with glorious buildings, it is distinctly a city of the past. Imagine that Venice was in its glory, that its St Mark's, its Doges' Palace, its churches, its Campanile and all were finished products before Columbus set sail for the American continent. History records that the first Church of St Mark was burned in 976; that the first Doges' Palace was erected on the site of the magnificent building now on the same site in 819; that of the new palace was occupied in 1001, and that the present superb St Mark's Church was a thing of beauty as early as 1200. Before America was known to history Venice was a city of untold wealth, its ships sailed the seas in quest of trade, it was a historic little republic and the fear of all. The name now applied to the city then denoted a territory, governed by and identified with the Doge. But this is all history. The final chapter was when in 1866 Venice, then belonging to Austria, was won by Italy and here she rests a city with a wondrous history and the harbor of countless art treasures.

It is a pitiable sight to see how the city has lost prestige, wealth, and today, outstripped in the commercial race in which she was once supreme, is content to hold her own. One must admire the exquisite natural setting of Venice, with its appeal to all that is beautiful, with its antiquities, its history and its rare display of art, and yet it brings sorrow. Here is a city, long since outstripped in its command of the ocean business by changed conditions and methods, so built as but to serve the industry that gave it life, and now with its canals practically useless, except for their picturesqueness. The Hotel Danielli was once a palace, so

with other hotels. You pass by a building with a beautiful front, with rich marble carving, and find that it is a manufacturing site or a boarding house. One particularly large palace we were told was formerly used as a tenement house. Now boxes are made within the walls that wealth once made the scene of revelry and pleasure. Few of the old families are left and fewer here have the means of maintaining the palatial buildings. There are still a few of the handsome homes, however, maintained in their original splendor.

There are some industrial enterprises here, lace-making and glass being the chief. American visitors furnish, perhaps, the quickest way of making money.

The houses are all built on piles and street after street, so to speak, present a terra firma and a water frontage. The buildings are most often lined up with the canals and gondolas can paddle up to the door steps, which are so arranged as to provide landings at high and low water. The water in and around Venice is salt and comes from the Adriatic Sea.

The Far-famed Gondola.

Gondolas are in general use here, both in the finer and commoner types. The freight carrying is all done on the plainer boats and what we see pictured as gondolas are pleasure boats—for strangers. The people of Venice do not use the gondolas to get about; they use steam or motor boats or walk. It is only occasionally, very rarely, indeed, that home folks use the pretty little gondolas. The general type of these boats is the same; some are more elaborately decorated than others. They are long and narrow, coming to a sharp point fore and aft. On the prow is a unique shaped brass or steel design, looking something like a modern glass cutter. These peculiar shaped "irons," as they are called, are reproduced and sold as souvenir paper cutters. The gondola is generally painted black, and the decorations are in carving and silver or gold trimming. The passengers sit in a box-shaped enclosure, around which seats are grouped; sometimes there is a covering over the seats, oftener there is not. The gondolier stands on deck aft, if there be one gondolier, and that is the custom, but if there be two one stands on deck aft and one on the fore deck. The little boat is propelled by a long oar and it is remarkable with what facility these craft are

handled. At most stopping places there is a man, generally a blind one or a cripple, who makes the boat fast, with a hook and helps the passengers alight. For this a "tip" is expected.

Some of the pleasure boats have already been equipped with gasoline engines and they skim through the canals and bay to make "swells" for the gracefully moving gondola.

Large ships enter the bay at Venice. While we were at the Daniell there were several Italian naval vessels within a stone's throw. One was a torpedo boat just returned from its campaign, another was a training ship.

A Pleasant Diversion.

After 11 o'clock the last evening we were in Venice we heard much cheering and a band of music, and going out on our balcony we saw a thousand or more Italians marching and hurrahing in celebration of a victory the Italian army had won over the Turks in Algiers. Ascending the little arched bridge, fronting the hotel, some enthusiast called for the national air. The military band responded and there was great applause and hand-clapping, and on marched the procession.

The Italians, in Venice, at least, appear little concerned about their war with Turkey and say that at best it can only be a war of endurance, with the victory certain for Italy. Wherever we went in or about Venice we saw soldiers in grey uniforms, generally the worse for wear. On their caps were the numbers "71," the number of the regiment, made up largely from this vicinity. It had been "to the war" and returned home after its service. The death rate was small, the soldiers said, because of their superior cannon.

The Cathedral of St Mark.

When one thinks that most of the masterpieces of architecture, art and statuary were finished products before America was known the beauty is all the more impressive. There may be, and are, larger churches than St Mark and the Friars' Church, and handsomer palaces than that of the Doge of Venice, but none for the size, regardless of the antiquity, possess more charm, nor are they more exquisitely and elaborately furnished. St Mark was built when Venice was in her glory, when her merchant vessels navigated the then known seas, and rich were the tributes these sea captains and merchants brought back to Venice to be used in beautifying St Mark, for it

was he who was their patron saint, and both homage and tribute were paid him as reward for success. Thus it was that the four bronze horses that were brought to Venice as early as 1200 were virtually stolen from Constantinople. Wherever a beautiful altar, an exquisite column of marble, a massive agate, a radiant canopy was found that the Venetians thought would find place in St Mark's Church down it came, away it was packed and away it was taken to Venice if not for the church, for the palace, or some other decoration. This habit, as well as the then natural wealth of Venice, which patronized the beautiful and encouraged art, has made of the old city a wonder storehouse of amazing richness. Volumes have been written about Venice and its treasures. Ruskin and others have filled pages with their word pictures and in my brief "straight-off-the-bat-while-travelling" story it is impracticable to do more than scratch the surface, so to speak.

St Mark is distinctly the masterpiece at Venice. In beauty and richness, for its size, it is perhaps unsurpassed. The exterior as well the interior are superb. The original architecture was Byzantine, Oriental, and remains so except for a few additions and changes. On the outside there is a magnificent arch on which are the four famous bronze horses. From afar you see the splendor of St Mark. Over the doorways are shining and sumptuous mosaics. Piece by piece colored stones were inlaid to make an exquisite picture. You almost imagine you see before you a masterly work with paint and brush, when in reality the mosaics are so finely done as to have the appearance of paint. The mosaics, made up of colored stones, glass or metal, real gold, are throughout St Mark. The arched dome, the panels, the altars are all emblazoned with rich mosaics, in which, as with pen, the artist has told something of the life of St Mark, some narratives from the Bible or mayhap some allegorical story linked with the city of Venice. You will be amazed at the beauty of the mosaics and the coloring of the marble that has been purloined from some forgotten Eastern temple. The guide will light a candle to illuminate the marble column and to emphasize the rareness of the marble. So you go from arch to arch, from section to section, wondering if there is more of splendid theft to be shown. Once Napoleon started to take away some of

St Mark's treasures, but reverses came and he had to change his plans. He did manage to "get away" with some of the rare paintings from the Doge's Palace and these are now in the Louvre, and their empty places have been filled with reproductions. All the handsome picture decorations except one in an altar are done in mosaics, until you get to the wings or waiting rooms, where are many old paintings of exceptional value. Some connoisseurs tell you that a full week should be spent in St Mark to appreciate the fine points of the church; in fact they want you to spend four or six weeks in the full appreciation of Venice. Pretty much all that is worth while seeing on a brief visit is focussed in the Plaza around St Mark. Just across an areaway is the renewed Campanile, which is really the church bell tower of St Mark. It is a duplicate, as far as possible, of the original tower, and houses the bells of St Mark. Near the top is one of the very small lions with wings; this is the emblem of Venice, and such a figure mounts the column at the approach to St Mark Place. Wherever you go may be seen the lion with wings. The design is offered as paper weights in the curio shops, at fancy prices.

The Plaza.

The Plaza is the open place in front of and to the side of St Mark. It is called St Mark Place. It is here that the photographers take souvenir pictures of folks feeding the pigeons that have their harbor in and about St Mark. Flanking St Mark and the Doge's Palace is an open avenue leading up to and part of the piazza or piazzetta or plaza around which is grouped so much of interest around Venice. At the entrance to the avenue are two marble columns, one capped by a bronze of the St Mark lion and the other by St Theodore. On the right side, entering, is the Doge's Palace, next to it St Mark's Church. As you turn the first building in the angle is the beautiful gilt clock. The Campanile, the tall brick bell tower, is opposite the church across the opening. It is said the first tower was built in 888 and the one that has recently been replaced in 1329. Fronting the church is the Plaza proper. It reminds one of the Court House squares in our towns. Ranged around are the principal stores, generally two stories in height, and there you may spend all your money on laces, jewelry or bric-a-brac.

The Doge's Palace.

One must be surprised at the glories of the Doge's Palace and wonder how all this work, in a declining city, in a place cuffed about after the Doges lost their power on the water's front, succeeded in maintaining so much of its original beauty. The original palaces were destroyed and the present building was constructed as late as 1173 and additions were made. The original decorations were destroyed and it is perhaps well that these mere antiques gave place to the splendid work of Tintoretto, Veronese, Palma, Vecelli (Titian's nephew) and the other masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The architecture of the building is massive and elegant, but the real feature here, as the mosaics are in St Mark, are the elegant panel and ceiling decorations. The paintings are generally large, and while many are allegorical and Biblical, the majority commemorate the glories of Venice, the prowess of the Doges in battle or the progress of the Venetians. Many of the paintings on these walls are famous and are frequently reproduced, such as:

Paul Veronese's "Rape of Europe."

Tintoretto's "Bacchus and Ariadne."

Tintoretto's "Paradise."

Veronese's "Industry."

These and many others are regarded as masterpieces of art. Then there are fine paintings of all the Doges; the last ruled in 1779. All are visible except one, and over his portrait hangs crepe, the edict of the Council, so that all would ask whose face was covered and why. This Doge was convicted and executed for planning to betray the city.

We were shown the famous letter box into which anonymous charges or complaints might be thrown; the secret chambers of the Council and the dark

and dreary prison cells, whose walls might add much to the unwritten history of Venice if they could speak.

The Beautiful Churches of Venice.

Venice, like most Italian cities, is rich in Catholic churches. In addition to St Mark and the Four Plague Churches there are others—the Friars' particularly, but the churches we visited and the most beautiful are St Mark, San Sebastian, (a plague church,) Madonna della Salute (another plague church) and the Friars' Church. They are all beautiful, wonderfully so. They could not now be built in Venice. In one of the plague churches (San Rocco) Robusti, a fine artist, worked for eighteen years on the paintings. At the Cathedral of Madonna della Salute the decorations are by Tintoretto and the three main ceiling pictures are by the great Titian. Imagine a series of paintings by one of the world's greatest artists across the entire width of the hall of the House of Representatives and you have a faint idea of what Titian did in this one church. These Venetian artists, Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian and Cornova, the sculptor, must have been prodigious workers from the amount of their work left in Venice alone.

In the Friars' Church, aside from the beautiful tombs and altars, the things worth remembering are the tomb of Canova and the Madonna (Friars') Bellini, Madonna of the Pesaro family by Titian. These two wonderful artists contributed much to the decoration of this picturesque church.

We finally visited the Jesuit Church, in which the decorative work is largely done with marble. Green marble is inlaid in white, effecting a most attractive finish. Here, too, there were many exceptional paintings. The church is the work of the seventeenth century.

people at Rome seem to give most credit to Michael Angelo for the beauty and style of the building, although many other architects and the renowned Raphael were joined to its fates.

To say that St Peter's is the largest cathedral in the world, to say that it will hold 75,000 people, to say that it has cost over seven million francs for the mosaics alone, to say that it contains many of the finest tombs and altars that sculptors and architects could conceive, to say that its arches and columns are decorated with splendid marble carvings, give but little idea of the richness of the Cathedral. The Catholic world has for generations contributed its best to St Peter's. We spent a couple of hours in and around this famous building and even then had to leave much unseen.

Perhaps one of the most interesting items in the church is the life-sized brass monument to St Peter. The toe of this shrine that has been so often kissed by devout worshippers has almost wasted away. Among the very many splendid monuments and tombs in St Peter's might be mentioned that to Pope Clement XIII, by Canova, and the sarcophagus of Emperor Hadrian, which was transferred from the tomb and is now used as a baptismal font. Another beautiful tomb is that to the last three of the Stuarts. The mosaics in St Peter's are more famous than any other of its decorations, and the industry survives under the auspices of the Vatican.

Brilliant Celebration at the Vatican

But we pass on to the Vatican, which adjoins St Peter's, and in this connection it is well to say that St Peter's and the Vatican, which occupy considerable ground, stand to themselves, and those of the Vatican have nothing officially to do with Rome or its government. At the gate of the Vatican we were met by several of the Swiss Guard, uniformed in the costume designed by Michael Angelo. In addition to these there is a regular company of soldiers known as the Guard to the Pope. On the occasion of our first visit to the Vatican we saw the grounds, especially the department in which the mosaics are made. This is a most interesting and delicate industry.

On the following day we again visited the Vatican, expecting to see the splendid museum there, but it was closed on account of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the coronation of the incumbent Pope, Pius X. We were rewarded by seeing the bril-

liant pageant in connection with the celebration. The Vatican band, followed by the soldiery in full dress, escorted the host of ecclesiasts, diplomats and laymen who attended the celebration. Many Courts have their representatives in Rome and others were sent for the anniversary, and these in their full uniform with gold lace and medals were grouped with high representatives of the Church in their richly colored gowns. Many local Catholics of high standing, both men and women, were present—the men in evening dress, the women gowned in black, with lace mantillas over their heads, to do honor to the head of the great Catholic Church. It was a scene of beauty and one that impressed itself much more than had we visited the museum.

Church of St Maria de Maggiore.

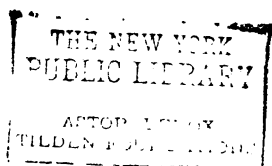
From here we went to St Maria de Maggiore Church. This is one of the largest and finest of the many Catholic churches and has many interesting features. The gold used in decorating the building was a gift from Philip IV of Spain. A monument in the portico of this King states that he sent the gold from America in the seventeenth century and that it was the first gold sent from America. The present structure retains two remarkable mosaics that were left standing in two previous churches on the same site, and they are incorporated in the present building. One is a mosaic made in 440 A. D. and the other 1288 A. D. A feature of this church and the tradition upon which it was founded was first the vision and then the actual falling of snow in August upon the site where the church stands. This incident is featured in the decoration of the building and has given rise to the custom upon each succeeding anniversary of having a steady downfall of white roses from the cupola upon the worshippers. The canopy which is supported by columns taken from Hadrian's tomb is very beautiful. The Borghese family, one of the wealthiest in Italy, has contributed largely to this church and has erected and equipped a magnificent private chapel connected with it.

We next went to the Church of St Peter in Chains; here are preserved, according to tradition, the real chains with which St Peter was bound. This church contains the masterpiece of Michael Angelo in marble, the magnificent statue of Moses. Of course, it is thoroughly impractical to go into details about each of the churches when



ROME—ITALY

In front of the St. Sebastian Cemetery (Catacombs). Our guide standing with Mrs. Kohn, near monument to Pope Pius IX.



we are told that there are four hundred and nine churches and chapels in Rome alone.

The Coliseum.

From here we went to what is the most remarkable of all the relics of ancient Rome, the Coliseum. The structure, as every one knows, was an immense amphitheatre for sports for the amusement of the Romans. Its construction dates from 72 A. D., and history tells us that on its opening in 80 A. D. 50,000 wild animals and many gladiators were killed. It was within these walls that the Romans held many of their famous contests and here, too, Christian martyrs were thrown out to battle with wild beasts. The Coliseum would be perhaps intact now, so perfect was its construction, if stones from it had not been torn out to build wharves at Ripetta. Three palaces were also built from stones taken from it and many churches, but perhaps half of the walls remain standing. The construction was round like a cheese box, with four and perhaps five tiers of seats. The inside and outside were elaborately decorated with ornate columns and statues and each of the 50,000 seats for the spectators were marked. The seats were of plain rock; the building was without cover. Up to about the end of the sixth century the sports continued in the Coliseum; later on it was used as a fort after its use for the persecution of the Christians. Now it is preserved as a relic.

We drove out to St Paul's Church, the Church of the Dominican Friars, passing by the Pyramid of Cestius, which was built as a monument 20 or 30 B. C. Adjoining this is a section of the early wall built to protect Rome, and still farther on we saw parts of the famous aqueducts by which water was brought to Rome. St Paul is a comparatively new and very beautiful church, most of it being built during the last century on the site of a former church. It has eighty splendid columns in the body of the church embellished with many beautiful mosaics, a feature of these being portraits of each of the two hundred and sixty-four Popes.

The Grave of James Deveau.

We then went to the Protestant Cemetery to find the grave and tomb of James Deveau, the promising young South Carolina painter, who died in Rome. This visit was made at the suggestion of Yates Snowden, and

proved most interesting. We found many graves of interest, writers such as Shelley, diplomats, soldiers, painters and others. After a while Mr A. John Trucchi, the director of cemeteries, came into the cemetery and he found the book of records, which showed that James Deveau was the three hundred and third burial in the cemetery; that he died April 28, 1844, and was buried at 12.30 o'clock, April 29, 1844. The grave was easily found. It is near the heart of the old plot. On the left side of the grave a tall cedar has grown, and the roots from the cedar have lifted the side of the marble tomb. Mr Trucchi suggested that it would be well to build a brick wall between the tree and monument, and this appears necessary. I promised to take the matter up on my return home. The monument, quite simple, is good. On the upper part is a carving in the marble of the head of the young artist, showing his profile and curly hair. Below is the inscription:

"In Memory of
James Deveau, Painter.

He was born in
Charleston, S. C.,

U. S. A.

and died in Rome on the
28th of April, 1844,

Aet 30 years and 6 months."

Below this is this sentence:

"This monument has been erected to the deceased by his friends as a token of their high regard and esteem for him."

The cemetery is well kept and most interesting in many respects.

Returning to the Grand Hotel we passed and viewed the Temple of Fortuna, the oldest of the large buildings 500 B. C. Next to it was what was pointed out as the old Temple of Vesta. We passed on through the thickly populated section and found a building in pretty fair repair that had been the Theatre Marcellus, finished 13 B. C. The upper portion of the old theatre is now used as a residence.

The Italians are completing a magnificent monument to Victor Emanuel, the grandfather of the present King. It is a magnificent piece of work. It has cost thirty-five million francs, or \$7,000,000; of this \$2,000,000 was contributed by the Government and the remainder by the people of Italy as a tribute to Victor Emanuel and in jubilation over the unity of Italy.

The Great Roman Forum.

On our second day in Rome we revisited at length the Forum, to my mind the most remarkable group of ruins in the city. Here it was that the heart of old Rome beat, here its business was concentrated, here it was that its people met and talked. Here it was, for instance, that Mark Antony eulogized the great Caesar. Here it was that the masses were reached. First it began as a meeting place for the "swapping" of cattle and goods; then shops were built, then stores and then arches for the people to see and palaces and public buildings. The recent excavations here have resulted in great "finds" and now you may stand on the edge of Capitoline Hill and have unfolded in panorama a most remarkable group of the remnants of those things that were great in Rome.

Looking towards the Forum proper, just to the left across a narrow street, are the remains of the Temple of Vespasian, the Palace of the Senators. Just in front is what is left of the Temple of Saturn, which was the treasury building. Eight fine Ionic columns are left standing, but nothing of the building proper. A tablet tells the history of the structure. Just back of this is a fragment of the Arch of Tiberius. The finest specimen of an arch left about the Forum is that erected to Septimius Severus and his son in 203 A. D. The outline and even the inscription are well-nigh complete. The rostrum from which the speakers "orated" is just below and within the shadow of the Severus Arch. The rostrum is now covered with a grape vine. Just to the rear of this stand is a lone but well-shaped column. It was erected in honor of Phocas, Emperor of the East, in 608. It is called the Column of Phocas. Back of this is the Church of St Adriano; it was in olden times the Curia, or Senate chamber. The remains of the Forum are but few and are overshadowed by the larger groups, but the entire assemblage is known as the Roman Forum. On the right side in front is a line of wrecks on the hillside. It is a group of palaces now in utter ruin. The House of the Vestals, the Temple of Caesar and others were in the group, but the remains are not seen from the Hill. Three beautiful columns, with Corinthian capitals, that stand just in front of you, are the remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollus. They are part of what must have been one of the most beautiful of

the Forum group. Just at the foot of the Palatine Hill is the remnant of the Temple of Augustus. It was one of the earliest Christian churches, and later was destroyed. Nearest to the Column of Phocas is the Basilica Aemilia, and of this only three lonesome columns stand, and running on down the slope are other fragments that only the antiquarian studies. From the Capitoline Hill looking over the wreckage of the Forum you can see the outline of the giant Coliseum.

Many Interesting Sights.

Wherever you turn there is much of interest. We stopped at the city buildings to see the monuments, visit the nearby museum and see the fountain fronting the City Hall, with the statuary intending to represent the rivers Nile and Tiber. The monument was built 100 B. C., and its antiquity, coupled with the fact that Angelo designed some of its decorations, makes of it at once an object worth while seeing. While we were here workmen were repairing a colossal statue of Marcus Aurelius, who was one of the best of the Roman Emperors. It is said the statue was long mistaken for one of Constantine and this saved it from being used for cannon. The figure was down and many bullet holes were to be seen. Near where the work was in progress, in the museum, is a life-size statue of Caesar, one of the very few early statues of the great chieftain, who made much Roman history. We saw fragments of early statuary here and Apollo must have been imagined to have been a veritable giant, for his foot alone was as high as either of us.

Aside from the interesting visit to the Catacombs one must see in making the trip many interesting and history-telling ruins—the Temple of Minerva, the Arch of Janus, the imposing Palace of Augustus and the Circus Maximus, built for 375,000 spectators to see the feast; the ruins of the Carracalla baths, arches and finally St Sebastian Gate, and then you are on the Aplan Way proper, a typical country road. This is a part of the wonderful road, 250 miles long, connecting Rome with Naples. It is said to have been built 311 B. C., and it was well done, certainly so for these days.

The Catacombs.

We visited the St Sebastian Catacomb—there are several sections, each differently named. The St Sebastian is

one of the farthest from Rome. The story of the Catacombs is more or less familiar to all, how the early Christians, as so many others in religion, were made to suffer, how 300,000 suffered the death of martyrs and how millions were buried in these underground vaults, some say three millions. Many of the vaults have never been opened and, of course, there is still much uncertainty. In the St Sebastian Catacomb there are four tiers of graves—there were five, but one tier has broken and gone into the lower one. We had a young friar for guide and he was intensely interesting and entertaining in his explanation of how the poor Christians were brought to these underground graves. Many of the vaults are covered with marble slabs, bearing a simple inscription. In this catacomb was the original grave of the martyr, St Cecelia, the patron of music. The remains have been removed.

Rome To-day.

From the Catacombs we drove back to the city to again fix in our memory many of the places we had visited and to round it off with the splendid view from the Janiculum Hill. From this viewpoint the entire city is spread before you in panorama and you look down upon the scene of the world's greatest struggles, moral, political and civic. Rome to-day, regardless of its unique place in history, is a beautiful city. Its modern buildings are well

constructed and the superb lines and styles of the ancients could not be lost. We visited the beautiful Margareta Gardens, where in addition to the flowers and shrubbery, there are many superior monuments, notably the equestrian Garibaldi. We saw the Tasso oak, the prisons, the asylums, and then wended our way back to the hotel, on the morrow to revisit some of the places of interest and take a few kodak pictures.

The Italians are now engaged in war with Turkey. The people of Rome are concerned, not over the result, but because many are dying of disease in Tripoli. Many soldiers are seen on the streets, some returning and others going to war. The people seem fond of their King, Victor Emanuel III, and particularly so of his wife, Eleanor. They are evidently plain in manner and "good mixers," and the young King is evidently a man of ideas and thoughtfulness.

All that you hear about the beggars of Rome is true; they worry visitors and encouragement leads to more annoyances. The beggar tribe appears worse in Rome than in Venice, Milan or any other city we have visited.

The stores are very much like those in America, the dress about the same and the prices ditto. We spent a day shopping and rounding off our views of Rome and left there Saturday evening.

MILAN, ITS PAST AND PRESENT

It is an all-night's ride from Rome to Milan, where we arrived Sunday morning. Our stay in Milan was brief, but we cannot see everything in the time we have available. Milan is a city of 650,000 people and they want you to bear in mind that Milan is more of a commercial city than historic. They tell you about Milan becoming the world's centre for silk manufacturing before they point out or talk about the city wall or the remnant columns that tell of the ancient history of the city. Of course, there is much to see in Milan and much worth remembering. The chief points of interest in Milan are: The Cathedral, the Art Gallery, the work of Leonardo da Vinci, particularly "The Last Supper," the Grand Opera House, the gates and columns typifying the link between the Milan of the third century and that of to-day. The art seen at Milan is largely that peculiar to the Milanese school, which is quite distinctive.

Fifty times, they say, Milan was sacked and plundered. It was a rich and prosperous place and one after another the invaders, the Huns and the Franks and others, went there for their spoils of war. In 1162 Frederick Barbarossa again sacked Milan and for five years it laid out as an old field, so to speak. After that time it recuperated and the city was rebuilt. While there has been much of the very old in Milan it was destroyed and the marble columns and walls are about all left of the city before the thirteenth century.

The Beautiful Milan Cathedral.

To my mind the most remarkable thing in Milan is the Cathedral. It is known as the Duomo and was started by Gian Galezzo, one of the strong rulers of the city. He prosecuted the work for fifteen years and when he died left the famous marble quarries from which the Cathedral was finished. The building was sufficiently advanced for its projector to be buried therefrom in 1402. The exterior is elaborately finished in Gothic style and many monuments are given place on the roof. The interior of the Cathedral, however, is what impresses you. St Peter, at Rome, is larger and grander in decorations, but the Cathedral at Milan has the appearance of being a

real cathedral. Its high and well proportioned roof supported by plain marble columns give the room an imposing appearance. At the head of the building is the beautiful altar and altogether it is the most church-like and appealing cathedral we have yet seen. On the Sunday we visited the Cathedral services were in progress, a sermon was being delivered in Italian, and, strange as it may, seem, people were walking unconcernedly about. There are no seats or benches in the Cathedral. A man goes about offering chairs, for which you give him a gratuity, but the peculiar thing about the churches and cathedrals in Italy is that they have no seats for visitors or regular attendants, except those that are brought in. At Milan the Cathedral presents one beautiful unbroken opening, except for the columns, up to the altar. There are no altars nor monuments to break the open broad expanse of the Cathedral. Flanking and behind the altar are altars or shrines and monuments. The lighting is almost entirely from above and the rear. Few electric lights are used, no stoves or heating, and the entire plan of reserving the Cathedral for impressiveness is maintained.

The building, the front especially, and the finish to the garden of pinnacles, statues and ornaments on the roof, was completed by Napoleon, who was crowned therein as King of Italy, May 26, 1805. One of the most beautiful features of the Cathedral is the ceiling. To the eye it has the appearance of marble carved into lace-like frescoes, and you can hardly believe it to be paintings, it is so realistic.

A giant candelabrum, of the thirteenth century, will attract your attention for its simplicity and effectiveness.

The Brera Art Gallery.

We spent some time in the Brera Art Gallery, the largest in Milan, and there saw a remarkable collection of art, mostly of the Milanese school, largely augmented by others of the old masters. There is nothing modern at this gallery. The art critics make much of Luini's works, and there are many splendid pieces in the collection by him, but they somehow do not leave an impress. There is very fine work



MILAN—ITALY

Fame is writing the name CAVOUR. A simple and beautiful monument

Lake Como and Bellagio.

We left Milan on the express for Como, which is the principal city on Lake Como and the head of navigation. It is a city of considerable size and here we boarded the waiting steamer for Bellagio, which is at the point of a peninsula made by the junction of Lake Como and Lake Lecco, the former being the main arm. The lake has a length of thirty-two miles and is as much as three miles wide at points. On either side of the lake are beautiful mountains, the clear water with the towering sides reflected making a rare picture. As one steams along the lake going to Bellagio, for it is more than a three-hour trip from Como to Bellagio, one wonders if nature could assemble a more beautiful group of its works. Dotted here and there on the mountain sides, along the water front, and on mountain top, you see beautiful homes and villas, and, of course, the ever present hotels. The rich have chosen nooks in this circlet to build their pleasure homes; the buildings are attractive, but more so are the surroundings. Niggardly, indeed, is the villa or cottage that has not its splendid gardens and well kept grounds. All through Europe this is noticeable, but nowhere more so than in the Lake and Alpine regions. Along the banks of the lake there are many villages; in some of them silk and wool are manufactured, but just at this time the chief business is the tourist trade. Every hamlet has its hotels, its "pensions,"

and all effort is bent towards entertaining the folks who go from place to place to seek pleasure and change.

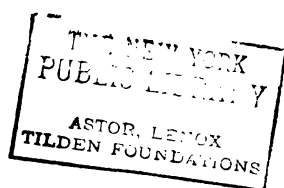
We reached Bellagio at 6.45, and leaving the steamer we went directly to the Hotel Grande Bretagne, where we had a full day and two nights of blissful quiet. The hotel is a surprise, and one wonders that such a beautiful and elaborate hostelry should have been built off in a corner, but the consequence of the well kept and well arranged hotel is that it has a waiting list for its rooms. The situation is charming, surrounded by mountains, fronting Lake Como, embellished by exquisite gardens, and plenty of room. One must feel a sense of relaxation here. There are some most attractive "shops." There are silk manufacturing plants in Bellagio and prices are somewhat reasonable, but nowhere have we in our quest for remembrances, souvenirs or purchases found anything distinctly cheap.

From Lake Como we went to Lake Lugano, sailing from Porlezza to Lugano, where we took the train for Lucerne. The third of the group of Italian lakes, Maggiore, we did not visit. . . . From Bellagio we went by early morning steamer to Menaggio, across the lake, and there boarded the little train that crossed the mainland between Lake Como and Lake Lugano. From Porlezza to Lugano the trip is again by boat. The scenery, the tall surrounding mountains, the delightful and fresh looking homes are very similar to those on Como.



LUCERNE—SWITZERLAND

Note the decorative park. Flowers are used in making the designs. The alligator hand-bag carried by Mrs. August Kohn, attracted much attention.



IN THE HEART OF THE SWISS MOUNTAINS

We arrived at Lugano in time to do some interesting shopping, to take lunch at one of the many excellent hotels, Hotel du Parc, and to board the train for Lucerne, going by the famous St Gothard route. This is through the very heart of the Alps, which until the building of the Simplon and St Gothard routes, were not open to communication between the neighboring countries. The St Gothard route is 137 miles long and is regarded as a wonderful engineering feat. There are sixty-five tunnels along the route, one of them being miles long through solid rock of the mountain. Strange to say steam is used on this tunnel road, making it more uncomfortable than if electric power were used. Some of the tunnels make a complete spiral. Of course, the major portion of the trip to Lucerne is through the open and beautiful valleys of the Alps, Italy and Switzerland. As you approach Switzerland you begin to see the mountain-sides tilled, cattle grazing and here and there a manufacturing plant operated by the water power that is running rampant down the mountain side. Much of the power is already being converted into electric current and sent to nearby cities and villages.

Lucerne and Ideal Resort.

The beautiful scenery, the appealing mountains, the charming lake country continue, and when we arrive in Lucerne it is all there and more. The genesis of Lucerne was its ideal location, its ever present mountains and Lake Lucerne and its balmy climate. Built on this eternal foundation came its hotels. Year by year the city has grown until to-day, largely fostered by its tourist travel, it is one of the charming and busy spots of Europe. It is distinctly a city of hotels. They are on every hand and one more elaborate and beautiful than the other. We were quartered at the Hotel Montana, which is an altogether new place, built on a hillside. The hotel is reached by an incline railway, similar to that at Look-out Mountain, and is one of the most comfortable and delightful places to which we have been assigned. It was really overcrowded. Lucerne is in every way an ideal resort city; beau-

tifully esconced, magnificent hotels, even to the point of luxury, and environs that are worth while, besides being the rendezvous of pleasure-seekers from fields afar. It is a city of 40,000 in normal seasons, and it has hotel and pension accommodations for 8,000 guests—they call it "beds." We were in Lucerne at the height of the season and were told that every "bed" was taken, and it had that appearance! Go where you will the crowds of tourists throng. On the streets men and women and children gather to look in shop windows or to see the dress. In some way we think Americans and English are the great tourists. Perhaps they are most numerous but in Lucerne, at our hotel, for instance, there were families of Syrians, Greeks and Russians and great numbers of Germans and French and Swiss—all bent on having a good time. Lucerne is distinctly a city of shops for tourists. They cater to that trade with novelties and souvenirs and charge tourist prices for everything.

We spent the greater part of Thursday going to the Rigi Kuhn, which is the pinnacle of Rigi. It is 5,900 feet above sea level. We went to Vitznau by steamer over Lake Lucerne and then by mountain railway climbed four and a half miles to the top of Rigi. The Rigi Kuhn is the most northerly peak of the group and commands a wonderful view; the Black Forest, the Tyrol and the Swabian Alps are to be seen. It is a worth while trip to be able to stand on the mountain top and see cities in the distance, to scan the fertile valley, the nearby Lake Lucerne and all without discomfort. The crowds going to Rigi are too great in the season. We had a good dinner at the Rigi Kuhn and then went out into the rain and sleet to fight our way for places on the train for the return trip to Lucerne. But after one has been on the Jungfrau and Pike's Peak the ascent to Rigi is somewhat tame. At Lucerne everything is at the height of the season, the dress is elaborate and the women look their best. It was quite cool throughout Switzerland; many wore coats and overcoats, others carried furs, but these were perhaps

largely for effect. Warm clothes were necessary. Lucerne is as clean as a parlor. Its streets are all beautifully kept and its parks and gardens. Such gardens! When we ascended Rigi it was as clear as a bell and in a twinkling the mountain was covered with a dense rain cloud and soon there came a heavy rain and shower of sleet.

The Lion of Lucerne.

Of course, we went to the park and saw the Lion of Lucerne, a large sized lion hewn out of the massive wall of rock by Thorwaldsen to commemorate the massacre of the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI, of France, in 1792. It is a splendid piece of work, so simple and yet so effective. The lion is at the entrance to the park, is fronted by a little lake and near by are the ever present curio shops.

In Lucerne German is the basic language; in Geneva it is French, but all through Eastern and Central Switzerland German and a patois are spoken, while in Eastern Switzerland French is the common language. There is no Swiss language.

Beautiful Interlaken.

From Lucerne we went to Interlaken. Here we spent two days and three nights in the very heart of the most splendid of Swiss grandeur. We are in Room 153 of the Grand Victoria Hotel, and as I look out of my windows or sit out on the little piazza there stands in front of the giant Jungfrau and the Silver Horn, clad in eternal snow. A bit of the Eiger is seen. All around are ice and snow-clad mountains. The scenery is beyond compare and would that I had pen to picture the scene that is constantly before us or tell the half of the beauty and thrill of an ascent up and up the Jungfrau Mountain until we climb out of our coach and play in the snow 12,099 feet above the sea level. Lucerne is the tourist city par excellence and this is the town for excursionists beyond rival. It has the right and title to supremacy without question. The elements that combine to make this a favorite resort are all conspicuously present. Interlaken, reached by rail or over the lakes, is nestled between ranges of mountains, some verdant with trees, others grim and bare and others clad in everlasting snow. There is a main thoroughfare looking out upon the splendid Jungfrau group of

mountains. Distances in the mountainous region are deceptive, as on the ocean. The Jungfrau as we look out of our window looks near at hand, but it takes a day by train to climb to its height, and then you have reached an altitude of 12,099 feet above sea level.

The Ascent of the Giant Jungfrau.

We started out on the excursion up the Jungfrau by steam road, going to Lauterbrunnen and pulling on up through the beautiful valley until Scheidegg is reached. This is the terminus of the steam road at an altitude of 6,770 feet above sea level. At Scheidegg a considerable community has grown up and there are many hotels there for the tourists. Here the Jungfrau Railway takes the passengers on up the mountains, first stopping at Eiglerwand, which is 9,404 feet high. Here there is a considerable station and room to walk around on the mountain. Leaving Eiglerwand you go right into the mountain side. The road goes through a tunnel bored into the solid rock. The first stop is made at Eismeer, 10,368 feet above sea level. The station here is drilled out of the mountain side. The opening is large enough to accommodate considerable crowds and a well managed restaurant that seats about one hundred people. It was thought that the line to Eismeer was wonderful, but the road was opened in July, 1912, to Jungfraujock, where an altitude of 11,408 feet is reached. When our tickets were made up railroad coupons to Eismeer were included—as far as the line was then open, so we bought tickets for \$2.60 each for the round-trip to go the 1,731 feet above Eismeer. At the Jungfraujock station there is also a tunnel out to the mountain side with a series of rooms cut out of the granite; here, however, a platform is built out on the side of the mountain and on one side you can walk out on the Jungfrau. Many tried to walk out, but returned to seats. I went out into the snow, took a picture and had a fine view of the surrounding tops from a second platform. It is intended to build a spur road or elevator to the Kuhn, the highest point possible, which will be 13,664 feet high.

The Jungfrau Road is operated by electric power brought from the power station at the foot of the mountain.



INTERLAKEN—SWITZERLAND

**Snap-shot of Mrs. Kohn in one of the many beautiful flower gardens surrounding
Grand Victoria Hotel.**

GENEVA, A CITY BUILT AROUND A LAKE

The trip from Interlaken to Geneva was the worst that we have yet had, three changes in a day, pushing crowds, overcrowded trains, climbs and contentions about seats both in the compartment and dining-room. Leaving Interlaken we were the only passengers in the first-class compartment and, of course, this made it very comfortable. Generally there is ample room in the few first-class sections, but from Zweisimmen to Montreaux and from Montreaux to Lausanne and from Lausanne to Geneva the first-class compartments, few at best, were overcrowded. The tourist travel all over Switzerland appears to be very heavy; in fact, too much so for the conveniences afforded.

The trip from Interlaken to Geneva is along the banks of the Thunersee, on through the valley until Montreaux is reached, and then on the upper edge of Lake Geneva by way of Lausanne down to the city of Geneva. The entire upper cicle of the Lake of Geneva is skirted. It is one continuous trip through mountains and valleys. The country is now brilliant in its freshness. Over in the distance are towering mountains, oftentimes they are side by side with the railroad. Wherever there is a bit of level land or even partially so, you see a pasture or a garden or vineyard. Here you see farming, on a small scale, under the more serious handicaps. Wherever possible, terracing is done. From Interlaken to Zweisimmen the trip is made by standard railroad. There you cross over and board the electric railroad that is operated between Zweisimmen and Montreaux, a distance of about 50 miles. The electric train is fitted up just about the same as those operated by steam. A dining car is attached to the electric train carrying ten coaches with every seat occupied. Arriving at Montreaux the run is short to Lausanne, where a wait of a half hour and another useless change is imposed.

We finally arrived at Geneva at 6 o'clock. Here again we found the same crowds that we have encountered throughout Switzerland. Although our room had been reserved for a month, and awaited us, we were assigned to the "Red Salon," which in ordinary times is a sitting room. Across from

us the billiard room was used as a bedroom, and next to us another sitting or writing room was pressed into service for the tourists. These Swiss cities are full of hotels and pensions, and yet they are inadequate to the present influx of visitors.

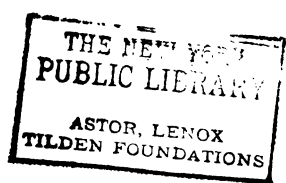
Geneva, "The Little Paris."

Geneva likes to call itself "the little Paris," and it has every claim to being a pretty and delightful little city. It has a population of 115,000, and among European cities this is not particularly large. The city is built around Lake Geneva, and this gives a picturesque setting. Back of the lake front, on all sides, are the mountains, and just beyond the mountains is France, and to the southeast is Mount Blanc. The lake is clear and beautiful, and spanning it are several bridges that bring the old and newer portions of the city together. Geneva's chief claims to fame are its schools and colleges, its watch and jewelry manufacturing, its hotels, its having been the harbor and home of John Calvin and his associates in the Reform propaganda in the sixteenth century; and its fight for political independence. The city is beautifully kept, its streets generally paved with asphalt are all clean, its gardens and parks are delightful, and water taken from the River Rhone, which runs through the city, is lavishly used. The city exploits the fact that one-third of its total revenues is spent on its schools and colleges, and this accounts for their excellence and magnetism for outside patronage. Calvin came to Geneva in 1536 and died here in 1564, and during that time he and Knox planted the Protestant religion in this section, making it the centre of Christian thought, and with the strength they developed attracted many Huguenots and other religious refugees. We visited St Peter's Cathedral, which was originally a Catholic church, and since the days of Calvin has been Protestant. The Cathedral was first built in the tenth century, and its construction is partly Romanesque and partly Gothic. It is rather small in size, has a Scotch church annex, but its chief fame lies in the fact that John Calvin preached from the self-same pulpit that is there now and sat in the triangular oak chair that is



JUNGFRAU JOCK—SWITZERLAND

**Photograph of author at the Jungfrau Jock, Station, highest station on Jungfrau Mountain.
11,408 feet above sea level.**



called the "John Calvin Chair." The guide suggests that you "sit in the Calvin chair and make a wish." Hundreds do this daily and the wonder is how many wishes come true and why. There are a great many churches here—Catholic, Protestant, Greek, Jewish, but the Protestant predominate. French is the common language. It is to be remembered that France is only five miles across from Geneva, and the people here are French in their customs, talk and dealings. There is about as much French money current as Swiss. Italy is also a neighbor, but in business generally Italian coin is not accepted; five-lire pieces are exchanged, but one and two-lire pieces and paper money are converted at a discount of one cent on 20.

An aviation meet took place in Geneva while we were there. It rained most of the time, but one afternoon we saw an aeroplane flying about the lake from our window. On the last evening we were in Geneva they had what they call fete night. The promenade in front of the lake was crowded with spectators, and during the evening there was a splendid display of fireworks. The setting was ideal and the pyrotechnics particularly fine.

The Attractions of the Kursaal.

We went to the Kursaal, which is a kind of amusement hall. They have these kursaals all over Europe, particularly in Austria, Switzerland and Germany. They are well built and well arranged places for the amusement of the people. Vaudeville performances, concerts and other amusements are offered. There are large restaurants and plenty of room to drink beer or coffee in the open; slot machines, roulette tables and, where adapted, public baths. In some places, Ischl, for instance, the townspeople support the Kursaal. In Lucerne when I went to pay my hotel bill I found an item, "Kursaal," sixty centimes a day. I told the clerk I had not gone to the Kursaal nor did I know anything about it. He explained that it was a law or ordinance of the city to charge every visitor for the use of the Kursaal, which was open to all. Rather than make any point I paid the twenty-four cents for the two days. If this is done all season it can be appreciated why the Kursaal is well maintained. Charges are made there for the concerts or other forms of entertainment. At the Kursaal in Geneva there was a three-act vaudeville performance in progress in one end of the

large building. The performance was particularly well staged and the ballet excellent. There were six roulette tables in the lobby, at each of which there were eager crowds either watching those gambling or themselves placing the coin on the numbers or colors they preferred. The cashiers seem to be most adept in raking in the coin with their little rakes. There must be a great fascination about the game, for we saw several replenish their stakes from their pocketbooks. The playing is wide open, absolutely so. Men and women do the betting and several hundred stand around watching. On the side of the walls were the old-time slot machines arranged for small coins and to relieve the less venturesome of their excess change. We looked on, but did not chance any of the games. There are several restaurants and saloons, but, as is the general custom here, those out in the open were most patronized.

The chief industry of Geneva, as I have said, is watchmaking, and in going about the city we saw one watch factory after another. We were told that in addition to the work done in the parent plants a great deal of piece work is taken to the homes, like clothes, and returned as a finished product. Geneva sells its watches all over the world and we invested in a pretty little hand-wrought timepiece as a souvenir. The enamel work is also reputed to be of excellent quality. Our guide told us that one-third of the population engaged in taking care of tourists and the other two-thirds in the making of watches and jewelry.

The Municipal Water Plant.

In our drive around the city we stopped at the municipal water power and pumping station. The city has erected along the bank of the Rhone River, in the city, a splendid water power station. It generates all necessary electric lighting and power for the city and uses its power for pumping water throughout the Canton, supplying the pure filtered Geneva water for sixteen miles from the city. In front of the Town Hall, which was in bygone days a castle, is one of the oldest buildings of Geneva. It has an ascending walk similar to that at Potsdam. The way is paved with original cobblestones, the idea being to use it for horses. The one-time owner of the castle rode up to the second floor and there turned his horse over to his servant. That was

before the day of elevators. In front of this building is a large bulletin board and on it are announcements of approaching weddings, publishing the bans, as it is technically called. We were told that these announcements had to be posted for six weeks and that every one, rich and poor, regardless of religion, had to make this public announcement. It is a simple statement of the names of the contracting parties, where they live, the occupation, the day set for the wedding and where. If any there be that might have aught to say against the marriage there is ample time to make it known and provision is made therefor. This is the only place where we saw out-of-door publication of approaching weddings.

Geneva's Most Noted Benefactor.

The Duke of Brunswick, German, who lived and died in Geneva, gave the city his entire fortune, over \$5,000,000, American value, and with this the city paid its municipal debt, built a wall along the Rhone River, finished its boulevard and completed much public work. Labor is cheap. The Duke of Brunswick selected before his death the style of monument he wanted and this was built along the boulevard, out of the fortune he left the city. Charles, the Duke of Brunswick, died in 1873. Much is made of the fact that Rousseau, the famous philosopher, was born in Geneva. We were shown the site of the former building in which Rousseau was born. It is in what is called the "old city," which still has its narrow cobbled streets and old-style buildings. There is considerable construction in progress in Geneva, particularly of elegant apartment houses. The hotels, the University, the Museum, the Victoria Music Hall, the Kursaal, the Opera House, the general postoffice and the public buildings generally are well built, modern in design and present the appearance of an up-to-date American city. The worst things about the place are its tram or electric street cars; the

fare is two cents, but that is about all it is worth when you ever get a car.

Comments in General.

Voltaire and the famous Madame de Stael had homes in the suburbs of Geneva. Madame de Stael and her father are buried at Coppet, where they had a beautiful castle. Voltaire established and lived in the town of Ferbay, also about half an hour from Geneva. The chief excursion out of the city, however, is to Mount Blanc, which has a considerable reputation among snow-clad mountains. Geneva is particularly fortunate in its gifts—the Duke of Brunswick gave the city over \$5,000,000; the Misses Rath gave the city a large museum building as a memorial to their brother; some English gentlemen presented the Victoria Music Hall and the custom applies to small donations—water fountains, monuments and the like. August appears to be the high season in Switzerland for fruit—peaches, plums, pears and grapes are all seen along the roads in profusion and are plentifully served at all the hotels. The fruit is beautiful in appearance and it is rare that you find any that is not perfect. Roadmaking in this mountainous section must be difficult. Of course the rock is close at hand, but you must admire the beautiful and well kept roads running from town to town and up and down the mountain-side. The country roads look like bands of white ribbon as they stretch before you. They have been working on these roads for hundreds of years and when a road is constructed there is not much of it, as it is so very narrow and it is much easier to maintain and less expensive in the first instance. A great many automobiles may be seen running along the narrow roads, but the level country for me with an automobile. This form of travel no doubt has its attractions in the mountains, as has mountain-climbing, but what's the use?

HEIDELBERG AND ITS RENOWNED UNIVERSITY

We left Geneva in the morning and arrived at Heidelberg, Germany, at night, after an interesting but tedious eleven-hour rail trip through a beautiful section (Neuchatel) and on up through the lake section to Basel, or Bale, the last stop in Switzerland, where we changed trains for the express for Heidelberg. Not only are the facilities for travel poor in Switzerland, but they seem to have poor ideas about coaches—the Germans are much better.

At Heidelberg we stopped at The Grand, which is quite near the railroad station and is evidently an old hotel. They have a picture of Prof Bunsen, the celebrated chemist, taken on the front steps and the inscription that Prof Bunsen was a guest of The Grand Hotel for twenty-five years. At Heidelberg we had the pleasure of having the company of Prof and Mrs Theodore Marx, who are about to move to the city from Speyer, where he has been engaged in educational work. They accompanied us on our sight-seeing trip around the city. Heidelberg is a picturesque and charming community. It is located at the base of a tree-clad mountain capped with two towers and through the city there flows the beautiful river Neckar.

The Famous University of Heidelberg.

To me the chief interest in Heidelberg centred in the University named as is the city. This and the Castle are really the points of interest in addition to the quaintness and tone of the community. They have not allowed commercialism to invade the city and the 50,000 inhabitants are engaged in or about the University, or have gone to Heidelberg for its educational environments. Of course there are merchants and laborers, but the great University is the axis around which the community moves. The University was founded in 1386 by Ruprecht I and is one of the oldest on the Continent and recognized throughout the world as one of the very best. There is no central plant at which all the buildings connected with the University are grouped, as is the custom with us. They have no campus. Buildings belonging to the University are scattered throughout the city, and size and conveniences are made the essential fac-

tors rather than outside show. We went into the various class rooms and through the hall built in celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the University. The interior of this hall was finely decorated, and contained busts of early distinguished instructors, but outside was as plain as the solid fronts of the dormitories of the University of South Carolina. The old as well as the new library buildings are near this central University building; the new building being quite ornate. The students room throughout the city in private homes or boarding houses. I asked about the number of students at Heidelberg and was told that it varies with the seasons. In summer there about 4,000. This is explained by the fact that Heidelberg, as the many high grade universities are, is under Government jurisdiction and credits are given for work done at the universities at Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, Bonn, Marsburg, Giessen, Wursberg or any of the others. In winter students go to Berlin, in summer to Heidelberg. Cities have a natural magnetism for students, but the excellence of the faculty and the traditions of Heidelberg continue to make this one of the greatest of European universities. The final examination is taken where preferred, but we were told that it was generally in the "home university," that is in the territory where the graduate lived.

Heidelberg, like all the German cities, has beautiful streets, well kept plots and little parks, and there is every appearance of culture and refinement about the pretty place. In Germany they are inclined to call a place of 50,000 a village, but it would be a city with us. The buildings are generally quite plain. There are a number of hotels in the place, particularly about the railroad station. The view from the old bridge is particularly fine. The city has the appearance of being two places, so sharp is the line of demarkation as viewed from the bridge.

We were taken into what is called the students' prison. It consists of several rooms much bedecked with names and pictures. It is related that when students get drunk or disorderly that they are kept there by students,

not the authorities. Prof Marx told us the whole thing was a joke, and when we were shown by our guide a stone constructed cottage along the roadside and told that this was the site of student duels, Prof Marx again doubted the accuracy of the "spiel" by the guide. We were also told that duels, among students, were growing in disfavor.

The Castle an Interesting Relic.

The Castle at Heidelberg is the "star" attraction and it is really a remarkable relic of the splendor of the old-time rulers. The Heidelberg Castle was built in part as early as 1346 and of this construction the King's Hall remains almost intact. There were many periods of construction, the last, except that of renovating, being by Landgrave Frederick IV. The work done by him 1601-1607 is regarded by experts as being of the finest German Renaissance. The Castle was destroyed in 1689 by the French under Melac, and what he did not do was accomplished by lightning in 1764. The walls are generally from 17 to 20 feet thick and remain—one section of a tower was overthrown by the explosion of the old powder magazine and this overthrown section has not been disturbed. One section of the Castle has been restored, but the major portion stands just as it did when it was last ruined in 1764. It takes a full half hour or more to even walk through the ruins where there was once beautiful ball rooms and dining rooms and suites. Enough is left—here a superb marble mantel and there a gorgeous arch—to show what the surroundings must have been. We were taken down to the wine cellar, where we saw the two giant casks, called "Fass" in German. The larger of these held 49,000 gallons, or 300,000 bottles of wine. Our guide in the Castle, a woman, told us that it had been filled three times, the last occasion being in 1769. Nearby stands a wooden figure of Perkeo, the Court jester, who is said to have made a habit of drinking eighteen bottles of the wine daily. They sell a reproduction of the Perkeo statue in a curio store on the Castle Hill. The Castle and gardens covered 45 acres and the building is now maintained by the State Government as a relic. No one, except the caretakers, lives in the Castle.

There is at Heidelberg a large church, divided in the centre, so that part may be used by the Catholics and the other half by the Protestants. This

custom is quite common in the real small communities. The Hotel Ritter, built in 1592, and other of the old buildings are daily used.

We saw and admired the new monument to Prof Bunsen, the distinguished chemist, and sent pictures of the same to Dr Burney, who was a student under Bunsen, and a sketch of the city to Mr James Simons as a reminder of the long ago, when these scenes were familiar to him.

Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

After a good dinner at the hotel we started on our way to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where we arrived Friday afternoon. Here we were quartered at the Englischer-Hof, Room 210, and found it a most comfortable place. Frankfurt is one of the richest and busiest cities in Prussia. It was at one time an independent city like so many others now in the German Empire, and it has not altogether gotten over the absorption by the Empire.

We had been most fortunate on our entire trip with regard to the weather, so we had to expect rain at some time and it came at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. We did not, however, curtail our sight-seeing, but with rubber coats and umbrellas we went out with our guide by carriage and afoot to see the city, and a thriving city it is. Our guide told us several times that Frankfurt was a rich city, but this need not have been emphasized, the evidences were plain. We were told of the bounteous munificence of the Rothschild family that had its origin in this city. The original home of the founder of the family banking house is maintained by the family as a large park, the present home and various institutions. Frankfurt, too, has claims and relics of antiquity, but it does not stress this, but rather its wealth, its business, its harbor and its nearly completed University. This city has 400,000 population and it betokens, in every way, a large group of good Germans. It has the same fine streets and public parks that are to be found all over Germany. It has its remnants of the old Town Hall. The Cathedral, begun by Charlemagne in 817, is in part the original structure. St Nicholas, Protestant, was begun in 1118. The City Hall is one of the oldest buildings extant. It was restored some time ago, but the buildings were erected in 1400 and have been used since 1405 for the Town Hall. The halls are decorated with many paintings and monuments.

The Home of Goethe.

The Cathedral, which is nearby, is the principal Catholic church and the tower is the distinguishing feature of the structure. The home of Goethe, the poet, is maintained as a memorial. It is conducted somewhat on the lines of the Shakespeare Home, but is not near so interesting. The house is quite large, three stories with ample rooms. Original furniture, paintings, books and utensils are in the house, and as Goethe was born in 1749 and his father was a man of means, the home is well furnished. On the second floor there is a single small window looking up-street, and the story is that young Goethe was wont to visit a young bargirl in a nearby shop and Papa Goethe had the small window cut to see what was going on, as it commanded a full view of the shop in which the attractive girl worked. The affair is said to have inspired Goethe to write his "Faust." Goethe did not marry until he was fifty-eight, and then selected his housekeeper. As with Shakespeare, the family is now extinct.

Some of the Frankfurt's Interesting Sights.

We went to the vegetable, flower and fruit market, and it was most interesting. There was the greatest display of beautiful fruits and vegetables, as the season now appears to be at its height. We inquired as to the prices and found them much lower than at home, although much of the produce is brought from a distance. The grapes, for instance, are from France, Spain or Switzerland, although many grapes are from along the Rhine. The explanation was that Rhine grapes could be better used in making wine.

Bethmann was a rich banker who lived contemporaneously with Meyer Rothschild. He left a little private museum that is open to admission. The chief interest here is in the marble statue "Ariadne," carved by Daumcke, out of a solid piece of marble.

The splendid monument, in bronze, commemorative of the organization of the German Empire, is one of the finest pieces of work we have seen. Bismarck is credited with a saying the purport of which was: Start Germany on a horse and it will go of its own accord. The idea was used in the monument. Germania is mounted on a fine steed as if going forward. The dragon underfoot does not appear to have any place in the monument.

The gardens in connection with the Palm Garden were by far the prettiest we have seen. Not only are the out-of-door plants beautiful but the collections in the hot-houses were magnificent. The begonias were incomparable with any I've ever seen, both in foliage and bloom. Great care is taken of the flowers and the city must expend considerable money in the upkeep of so large and beautiful a park. Excellent music is provided in the afternoons and evenings. The city is devoting considerable attention to its shipping, already large. Several weeks ago the German Emperor visited Frankfurt to attend the opening of the "new" harbor, which is an extension of the present facilities.

There is a new and an old Frankfurt, as there is a new and an old Cologne, and the same is found in many European cities. The line is very distinct because the old section is so very old. The stores in Frankfurt are as a rule excellent. The show windows are striking and elaborately decorated. In many places they are flush with the pavement line, but here the entrance is recessed for some distance and the space used for displaying wares. Many of the shops display the finest grades of goods.

There are a great many banking and insurance offices in the city and it is somewhat noteworthy that they are in well constructed but perfectly plain buildings, so far as the exteriors are concerned.

THE POETRY AND ROMANCE OF THE RIVER RHINE

We left Frankfurt Sunday morning at 8 o'clock and accepted the suggestion of the porter at the Englischer Hof and went to Biebrich, a small point on the banks of the Rhine. The trip from Frankfurt to Biebrich is made by train, then you cross from the railway station to the boat-landing by electric train. As it was a rainy day travel was not particularly heavy. The day soon cleared and the trip up the Rhine was in every way delightful and intensely interesting. Much of history and stirring events occurred along these banks and there is on every hand testimonials of the long-ago wealth and character of the early Teutons. Old Roman castles are left and those of feudal days, and now with these of ancient days are mixed those of the German monarchy, and side by side is the castle of the New York plutocrat, who has bought or built a castle on an eminence along the Rhine as a plaything, to show his friends.

The Trip Up the Rhine.

Books have been written of the Rhine and its history; stirring stories have been related of its traditions, not only in prose but in poetry, with the Lorelei, by Heine, as a masterpiece. There is so much of interest, so many broken-down castles, so many solid new ones, monuments, towering rocks and lights along the picturesque river that most of those who had kodaks used up their films, and several young American girls tried to get new supplies. Leaving Biebrich the imposing castles seen in quick succession were, first that at Biebrich, then that at Eltville, then one at Johannisberg, until you get up to Bingen, made famous in our Friday school exercises. I think that every boy who ever went to Sheridan's School with me recited "Bingen on the Rhine" when possible. Near Bingen is the unique mouse-tower, a slender piece of masonry in the river, used as a beacon light. Close to this are the ruins of several castles, Sonneck, Ehrenfels, Furstenberg, Helmberg and others. Many have been restored and are now used as homes. A Mr Rhineland, of New York, has restored the Schoenberg Castle. Kaiser Wilhelm II at times uses the Stolsenfels Castle, restored by his grand-

uncle. The Kaiser's brother, Henry, also has a castle, Falkenberg, to which he can retire. Besides the castles, and they are quite common, there are many residences along the river and a considerable group of villages, some of them being German towns of considerable size. Biebrich has 25,000 people, Eltville 4,400, Rudesheim—famous for its wines—4,700, Geissenheim 4,000. Bingen is a larger place with 10,000. Then come a lot of small villages—all pretty with from 500 to 2,000 inhabitants and all built close to the water. Okerwesel has 4,000 and Okerlahnstein 8,700, and close by is Niederlahnstein with 4,300. Coblenz is a city of 58,000, and is largely industrial. Nonwied and Godesberg are the next large cities, and then comes Bonn, a place of 88,000, and within street-car distance of Cologne (in German Köln.) This is the largest and most important city in Rhenish Prussia. We made the trip up the Rhine in one of the express boats. They are very fine river boats and particularly adapted to excursion business. The navigation on the Rhine is more important and extensive than we imagine. There are many tug boats pulling three and four heavily laden barges loaded with lumber, wood-blocks, produce and the heavier classes of freight. Many of these flittilla, a tug in the lead with three or four long, flat, heavy barges pulled along behind. Aside from the picturesque scenery, the old and new castles, the remnants of Roman and Germanic walls and the traditional sites the country is beautiful. It is all so clean and trim. Back in the distance from the wide river are mountains, not tall, but rather high hills, and from the very water's edge on up to the top terraces have been built, and the hillside is clad with grape-vines, now bright in green foliage. The grapes are not run on arbors, nor do they climb. There is a single post, and around it the grape-vine clings. Then ten feet away there is another pole or granite column, around which another vine is trained, and so the famous Rhinish grapes are grown.

Nearing Cologne.

From Coblenz on up to Cologne, the end of our trip, there is an absence of castles and grapes. The country is

much more flat and the villages abound in smokestacks—the industrial German is being approached. The nearer we get to Cologne the more numerous the factories and mills. What do they make? Everything, from the needle to the carpet, and from the thread for the needle to the dye with which to color the carpet. Across from Cologne is Deutz, a city of 10,000, in which practically every one is engaged in manufacturing, and thousands from Cologne cross the river to tend the machinery in Deutz. Essen, the home of the great Krupp iron, is close at hand, and so is Mulheim, and also Dusseldorf.

On the steamer trip up the Rhine we had a new experience. On the dining cars we had found that coffee was an extra charge, but the steamship people have a new "dodge." After the Sunday dinner they take around ice cream and ask if you want any. Most folks accept it, taking it for granted it is a part of the dinner, but when you are leaving the table you are asked for sixty pfennig, or about fifteen cents, per plate, for the cream. Most folks paid without a murmur, but there was some strenuous complaining. In one case three waiters and the head-waiter argued with one man before he paid, under protest, not that he minded the fifteen cents, but he did not like to be gouged. I find it better to say nothing.

Just to show how tips are expected: The head-waiter goes around the table collecting for the dinner and wines or mineral water before the last course. When he handed me my change I put a quarter at the side of my plate for the waiter who actually served me, but he said "I'll take the service." As the waiters generally pool their receipts I thought it all right and gave him the quarter. Opposite me was a young couple. They settled the bill by giving the head-waiter the exact change, and he said: "Service money is expected." He said it so everyone could hear. The young fellow was embarrassed and gave a tip, and this is kept up to the end. Some people say: "Don't give tips." It is very well to say so, but it is quite another matter to be a pioneer in such an innovation and bear the brunt of what would happen.

In some way the general impression of Cologne is confused. It is associated with the Cathedral and perfumery, but when you get there the surprise is real. Cologne and Brussels

have been the two distinct surprises of our trip. Of London and Berlin and the other places we expected much, but the charm of these two cities was emphatic.

To begin, Cologne is a city of more than half a million people, exclusive of its neighboring industrial and educational towns. The streets in Cologne are in excellent style, the stores are fine, the community is rich, and it is a city that has an attractiveness that makes you feel that you want to see more of it. We stopped at the Excelsior Ernst, Room 125, and had comfortable quarters. The hotel is across the street from the Cathedral—they do not call it the Cathedral locally, but the Dom. Close by is the railroad station and several of the chief business streets centre in front of the Dom.

The Cathedral of Cologne.

The Cathedral, or Dom, is a building of wondrous beauty. It stands all to itself, occupying a square without other buildings to detract from it. You can stand in front of the hotel and see the full front and side—and you cannot do this at St Peter. The visual grasp is complete and perfect and you can well understand why this is regarded as the world's greatest masterpiece of true Gothic architecture. St Peter is both larger and more ornate and elaborate in its decorations. Milan's Cathedral is more fanciful and larger, but somehow the Dom catches your eye with its beautiful lines and symmetry. The main towers are 511 feet high and the parapets are in proportion. The Dom was built in sections, part in the 14th century, part in the 16th, and so on, the last of it less than a hundred years ago, yet the details are so thoroughly executed that you have to be shown the lines of demarcation and when shown can recognize the difference in the color of the granite blocks. The Dom ranks next in size and importance to those at Rome and Milan. It has the usual interesting collection of shrines and tombs and monuments, but its treasury is remarkable for its collection of rare and valuable articles. It contains several shrines made of gold, vestments and Bishops' staffs with gorgeous stones. It has several cases of rare printing, some dated 1490, and much early hand-embossed manuscript. Several interesting hours could well be spent in this Treasury in the Church and inspecting the paintings and carvings. One of the finest paint-

ings is the "Dombild," by Stephen Lochner, done in 1450. This is the same artist who painted the more highly prized item in the City Museum. While we were in the Dom photographers were at work on the scaffold focussing their cameras on a marble monument. Several workmen were scrubbing the monument, and with a lighted candle at the top and another at the bottom the photographer was getting his boundaries, for in the dimly lighted Dom the work to be photographed cannot be seen through the ground-glass. An exposure of two hours is required, but in this way every feature of the building is being photographed, not for mere curiosity and post cards, but to give others ideas and details to perpetuate the beautiful for ages to come. Cologne, too, has Roman history and the Romans left their marks behind. There are walls and towers and buildings that they erected hundreds of years ago with their view of substantial things. The Romans flourished there from before Christ to about 400 A. D., but they left their masonry and relics of their taste in urns and pens and glassware that have recently been found close by.

The Museum and its Treasures.

As it was raining during our first day of sight-seeing in Cologne we spent some time in the Dom and also in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum. The building was erected with money given by Richartz and the basis of the Museum, the old masters, was given by Canon Wallraf in 1824. They have old masters, Rubens, Murillo and others. There are many excellent specimens, but the paintings that struck my fancy were:

Gust Richter's "Queen Louisa."

Jan Steen's "Sampson," (quite a different version.)

Carl Begas's "Family Group."

There is a painting in this Museum, about 15 by 20 inches in size, "The Madonna in the Rose Garden," which is valued at two million marks. A guard is constantly in front of this work. The value is in the exquisite detail. There is a larger picture, about 4 by 6 feet, by Karls Stein, for which it is said there is an offer of 800,000 marks outstanding.

One of the thirty cathedrals our guide told us was once a synagogue, but there are several splendid synagogues in Cologne. We visited the most reformed and found it a modern and most elaborate temple. It has

seating capacity for 3,000 and the extent of its reform is that it has an organ and choir; none of the three other synagogues we were told had organs, and in none did the men and women sit together.

We also spent some time most pleasantly in the Town Hall, a most beautiful structure, full of historic interest, as are most of the city buildings in Europe. The municipalities are often the collectors of much of the best in painting, statuary and carving, and such was done in Cologne, long a rich city. In early days, before Cologne became part of the Empire, it was one of the group of independent cities. Being the most important place in Rhenish Prussia, it offered the council room for the gatherings of the representatives from the vicinity and did so with proper pomp.

The Story of the Two Horses.

We went out walking the first afternoon we reached Cologne, before we had our guide, and fronting a square we saw two wooden horses looking out of a third story window. We could not make an advertisement out of the horse display, so the next day we asked our guide about the two horses peering out of the window. This is the story he told us, with the statement that it was vouched for as being true, but personally he only related the current story whether it be romance or fact. Many years ago there was a plague in Cologne. The people were terror-stricken so great was the death rate. In this house there lived a wealthy doctor. His wife was seized with the plague and, as he thought, died. She was taken to the cemetery and placed in the morgue. Next day a courier went to the doctor's home and told him that his wife was alive and wanted to come home. The doctor ridiculed the suggestion and wanted to be left alone. Others told him that his wife was alive and he finally said that he would as soon believe that his wife was alive as he would that his span of horses would go up to the third floor and look down on his wife asking to come in. No sooner had he said this than the two horses broke away from their fastenings, clambered up to the third story and looked out the window for their absent mistress. The doctor opened the door and there stood his wife, who had been prematurely taken to the graveyard. The story is that she lived for six years. The two white

horses have their counterparts in the window and they have been there for several hundred years—so they say.

We arrived in Cologne Sunday afternoon and in the evening went out. We found places of business open, not the larger stores. The places of amusement were all open, the beer gardens, the saloons, the moving picture shows, vaudeville and the like. The larger theatres were closed for the season. It appears to be the custom, especially throughout German-speaking Europe, to offer every amusement to the masses on Sundays as well as on week-days. The argument is that the laboring man cannot go to the theatre or the concert, or meet his friends at the beer gardens on week-days, and he should have Sunday for his pleasures. Another feature is that they take the family to the beer gardens, and to us it looks badly to see women and children in some of these resorts. Yet these people are far-seeing and vigorous, and have happiness and contentment.

Remarkable Views of a Young American.

On one of our trips in Germany we rode with a young American, who is over here as a buyer, and he is very emphatic in thinking that Germany is the greatest and best governed country in the world. He thinks it the best governed because it is the most governed. He takes the position that the average man needs to be governed with a firm hand, that it makes better citizenship and brings better results. America, he said, was a democratic humbug, where, aside from opportunity, there was nothing. The people in Germany, as against the Americans, he said, were law-abiding. They knew they had to obey the laws and did so without question. He said that in America a rich man went to a lawyer and asked how to evade a law, and the more he paid the more certain was the result, but in Germany the man who made such a suggestion would be thrown out of the window. This young American made bold to say that all

men are not born free and equal, and that such was never intended, and had it been, things would have been differently planned, and that a great fault in America was the smattering education that so many people had. For an American it was a most remarkable talk, but is indicative, in a measure, of the regard one must have for the discipline and ordiliness of the Germans. In Brussels I commented on the contrast in the neatness of the streets in Cologne and Berlin as compared with those in the Belgian city. The explanation is that in Germany if you threw a newspaper or made a mess in the street a policeman promptly took you in charge and you would be sure not to do so again. In Brussels it was remarked there was French liberty and you could and did throw papers or anything you wanted to in the street and it was quite all right. Small thing, but it indicates the mental attitude.

The City Hall in Cologne is a building of unusual interest. It dates back to 1407-1414 and has a beautiful entrance built in 1569. It is distinctly renaissance. There are many important relics here and a feature of the decorations is the portrayal of one of the early burgomasters killing a lion that had been set upon him by an old-time Bishop—such is the story.

There are here, as in most German cities, an old and a new part. We visited both, and while the old part is very old, it is neat and clean. The exhibition in the Museum of relics that were unearthed near Cologne is intensely interesting, showing that in those unrecorded days they knew how to blow fanciful glass for ornaments, that they had much luxury and that they used a steel and not a feather pen.

Cologne is largely a Catholic community; the former Cardinal recently died and is buried in the crypt of the Dom. Altogether Cologne is distinctly a city of merit and we were delighted that it was in our itinerary.

BRUSSELS, A BUSY WIDE-AWAKE CITY

The trip from Cologne to Brussels is over fertile lands. We again saw flat pasture lands with an occasional wind-mill similar to those seen in Holland. We arrived in Brussels Tuesday afternoon and soon realized that we had not expected to see such a large and important city. In some way Brussels and Cologne are underestimated by tourists. We went to the Hotel Asturia, thoroughly first class, but as quiet as a graveyard. The recent rains have been keeping people away from Brussels. We were quartered in room 303. Brussels, they say, is a "Little Paris." One thing is certain, such is their ideals and dote on things that are French. The buildings generally are their ambition. French is the commercial and better-class language, and the people generally look to France for a superior type. The churches are old, but the public buildings are almost entirely of new construction along splendid lines, particularly the Palace of Justice, the Palace and public as well as private buildings. There are abundant and elaborate gardens and parks, and every once and a while you pass a bit of a square with a plot of grass or flowers and a central monument or fountain. It is a very pretty and praiseworthy idea. Brussels has had a great deal of intelligent development. One burgomaster (mayor) after another has shown correct ideas in building for the future. In the sixties Burgomaster Anspach covered the little River Senne, that runs through the city, walled it to run in certain boundaries and overhead built a boulevard. The city tried to sell the lots fronting the new boulevard and finally, to start things, built a few stores. To-day the Boulevard Anspach, named in honor of its author, is one of the busiest and finest streets of the city. Whenever a burgomaster does something worth while an avenue is named in his honor by the council, the members of which are elected by the people. The council suggests a burgomaster, but the King has the final appointment. Julius Anspach is credited with being the burgomaster who started the present idea of upbuilding the city.

Belgium and its History.

Brussels, as compared with most other large European cities, is in the kindergarten. There were only a few fishermen's huts there until about 1000. It became of interest in 1200 and was worth being taken in 1430. It is in a rich country and for five hundred years it was knocked from pillar to post. At one time the Spaniards owned Belgium, then it went to Austria. After a while France took the prize. Austria got it back, and so it went between Austria, Spain and France. Maria Theresa, who was sovereign at one time, is in high favor. Then Holland and Belgium went together and were as one, being called the Netherlands. The insurgents in Belgium began to want independence and finally, in September, 1830, the Belgians—not as soldiers, but as volunteers—ran the Dutch or Holland soldiers out of Brussels and Belgium, and on July 21, 1831, Leopold I was elected King of Belgium, and since then Belgium has been independent. The little fight that occurred in September, 1830, is like our Bunker Hill, much pictured, much featured and monumented. The first sight we were shown by our guide was the Martyrs' monument, erected in 1838 to the memory of the patriots killed in the uprising. The monument is particularly fine. Below the surface are the tombs of the men killed and on the anniversary of the skirmish the school children parade and decorate the graves, and the societies celebrate. Near the Martyr monument is one to Jeuneval and another to Count de Merode, quite an old man, who was killed at the time. Merode was killed at Antwerp. Other martyrs, not of the independence, but of the earlier rulers, who are favored with monuments are Counts Egmont and Hornes and Francois Anneessens. Since 1830 Belgium has maintained her independence. The nations have promised the little State that they will maintain neutrality to her. Of course Belgium would be powerless against either Germany or France, her neighbors; but she is sustaining an army from 50,000 to 70,000 with which to protect her frontier and hold things until some of the nations can come to her rescue. She

wants independence, but if absorbed would rather go to France than Germany. The Belgians want their best men for the army and public service, and pay them more than they could earn elsewhere, allow annual increases in salary, permanency of position during good behavior and a pension at the age of 50 if the service has been for 20 or more years.

Town Hall and Square in Brussels.

The streets and avenues are generally wide and well paved, but are horribly kept. They may have street sweepers, but they have not been overworked recently. The Town Hall and square are particularly fine. The square is surrounded by 14th century buildings, or where renewed the old lines have been maintained. On one side of the square is the imposing City Hall; opposite is the old King's Palace, and completing this side and the upper end of the square are fantastic stone structures, richly gilded, that were the halls of the various guilds and corporations. The guilds are the trades or occupation gatherings. Part of the City Hall was built in 1402, another wing in 1441. The work was of stone and was partly destroyed in 1695 by bombardment. The building was replaced in 1718 and is being constantly improved. There are many excellent paintings, carvings and statues in the building. Recently an exquisite set of tapestries depicting events in the history of Brussels and representing types of each of the guilds or trades has been added. The rooms are small and well arranged.

Witnessing the Civil Marriage Ceremony.

While we were in the marriage room we saw six or eight ushers in blue satin knickerbockers, with golden tipped staffs, walk by and naturally supposed something was liable to happen. We were told the hour for marriages was soon at hand. First there came a group of five; then a group of four, again six, then another party and finally four. In each instance there was the bride and groom. At 11 o'clock there came the alderman who performed the ceremony; accompanying him was the clerk with the records in each application. The names of a couple were called, they were escorted to the desk, took seats side by side on a narrow bench and heard the clerk read their names, their parents and mumble a few words. Then the alderman rose

and spoke about fifty or a hundred words, handed the couple, a little red book with the certificate of marriage and advice on how to live happily and how to raise children. He gave each a hearty hand-shake, whereupon an usher escorted the wedded couple to a record book on the rostrum where they signed their names in the presence of two witnesses. By the side of the groom is a plain seat for two witnesses and a seat for his parents. The same is provided for the bride; therefore the maximum number of participants in the ceremony is eight—four for each party—but most frequently there are fewer, parents are not present, or are dead, and one witness for each suffices. Before couple No 1 leaves the rostrum the second group is called and so the good work moves along. I timed one ceremony and from start to finish it was within two minutes. Five ceremonies were over in ten minutes and the room cleared for a couple that was to arrive by the pay stairs, but with them the ceremony was identical. This is the civil ceremony and every one must have the civil marriage to be legally married. They can afterwards have the church marriage but a church marriage is impossible before the civil ceremony has been performed. Many do not have the church ceremony at all, the one ceremony being sufficient and binding. These civil marriages are performed every day except Friday, which is known as divorce day, decrees being promulgated on that day.

A Remarkable Political Situation.

Belgium, as Brussels, is practically all Catholic. In the more than seven million people in the kingdom there are less than 50,000 Protestants and Jews. The Catholic party, as it is called, controls the State Government, but not the city of Brussels, and of course the strength of the opposition to the Church party must come from those affiliated in some way with the Church. The curious and remarkable situation is presented of voters born Catholics being arrayed against their co-religionists arguing that they have no right to mix religion and politics, but, on the other hand, being told, and perhaps truly, that they are merely dormant Catholics and at heart not so. Whoever is managing Belgian affairs is now doing so with a spirit of liberalism and progressiveness. All the same the feeling is tense between the

Church or Conservative and the Liberal or Non-Church parties, with a fair sprinkling of Socialism.

Royal Museum and Other Buildings.

The Palace of Justice, the handsomest structure in Brussels, is also one of the handsomest public buildings in Continental Europe, and is only marred by its slovenly maintenance. Brussels has a gallery of old masters and another of modern art. As we had seen so much of the old masters and wished to see the new ideas and treatments we went to the Royal Museum and were gratified with the collection. There are many particularly fine paintings, some that leave an everlasting impression. Among the most striking works were:

"The Prohibited Lecture," by C. Ooms (1845-1900.)

"The Brigands and Their Prisoners," by Jarokay Cermak (1831-1878.)

"The Faithful Dog and Frozen Organ Grinder," by Joseph Stevens, (1819-92.)

"Bringing the News," (Sailors) by H. Bource, (1826-89.)

"Hugo Vander Goes, The Effect of Music on the Crazy Artist," by E. Wanters (1846.)

"The Strangers," by E. Carpentier. (1845.)

"An Incident of the Revolution of 1830," by C. E. C. Wappers.

The fact is it is beyond question one of the finest and most choice galleries on the Continent.

Opposite Notre Dame is an unique square. Around it is an iron fence decorated with monuments symbolizing the trades or guilds of Brussels, forty-eight in number.

The St Gudule and St Michael Cathedral, dating back to 1220, is a most attractive church. It is not very large and is well lighted. The columns are a bit heavy. The most interesting feature of the Cathedral, outside of its origin, is the hand-carved pulpit. It is said to have been executed in 1569, and in 1773 Queen Marie Theresa presented it to the church. It is a wonderful piece of wood carving, both in the idea and execution. It represents a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden and the sin of the forbidden fruit.

Brussels and Belgium are the homes of very large numbers of Catholics. Long a Catholic monarchy, since the troubles of the Church and State in France many connected with the Church have gone to Belgium, where they found a welcome.

The houses of Parliament are quite

small and well arranged. There are one hundred and eighty-four members of the House of Commons—all elected directly from the people. These are divided among three parties—the strongest being the Church or Conservatives. The Senate Chamber is for one hundred and forty members. Belgium has seven provinces with about seven million people. The upper or coastal section of Belgium is Flemish (Flanders.) They speak Flemish, which is close kin to Dutch, while the portion of Belgium close to France, including Brussels, is French, almost as much so as Paris. French is the language of business and the educated classes in Brussels and the use of Flemish is almost entirely confined to the working classes who often speak French in addition.

The Painter Wiertz and His Work.

The Wiertz Museum, which we visited, is well worth while. The story is that Wiertz, after painting a few specimens, went to the Belgian Government and offered to devote his life to painting for the nation if he were given a home and a pension. The offer was accepted and his life's work, as arranged by himself, is in the Museum. It is a remarkable collection. Some of the work is weird and repulsive, but there is the touch and thought of the genius. Much of the work if taken out of the grotesque surroundings, would easily be classed as masterly; certainly the ideas are original and often excellent. For instance he pictures two soldiers attacking a helpless woman, who is trying to escape almost naked, and this he calls, "Nineteenth Century Civilization." Some of his pictures of women are particularly good. There are many paintings covering the side of a wall, "Napoleon in Hell," "The Giant," and such weird and awful studies. There is a monument to Wiertz recently erected.

Brussels is unquestionably a busy, wide-awake city. It is about the best and most reasonable shopping market that we found. While there we had the pleasure of meeting Mr Jean Fameay, who was in Columbia for about a year, having gone there with Commissioner E. J. Watson. Mr Fameay is prospering in the service of the Government, being a young man of unusual intelligence. He still has a warm place in his affections for Columbia. French coin passes in Brussels just the same as Belgium money; in fact Italian money seemed to be the only tabooed coinage. Brussels ought to be on the itinerary of

all who want to see a charming city. It claims 700,000 inhabitants. This is the population of the city and its immediate environs. There are in the municipality about 175,000 people, but the 700,000 are figured by adding to the city proper the suburbs that are really part of Brussels and so count themselves.

The Customs Officers.

The first and only trouble we encountered with the customs officers was at Brussels and I'm not quite sure whether the trouble came from official sources or from the baggage porter who wanted to make it appear that he was "doing great things" to get the baggage and thereby deserved a larger tip than usual. I checked or registered two satchels from Cologne to Brussels and when the porter returned to the hotel he reported that he had had great trouble and that by showing that I was only passing through Belgium I might get the satchels released for not having "declared." He reported that the customs officers had found new things in the satchels, a few presents. I went to the custom house with the porter, showed them my ticket to

Paris. They were very affable and polite, gave the satchels to the porter and off we went to the hotel. It cost me a cab to and from the custom house and a healthy tip. In coming into France we brought our satchels all in the compartment. The customs officer came in and pointing to one satchel said: "Open!" I opened and he pried around. He sniffed and examined a Roman scarf, highly colored, that was in the satchel, said nothing by way of protest and walked out. Then came another officer who, with a rake, made an exploration under the seat to see if anything had been hidden. The foreign countries, however, are not prone to give visitors trouble. The custom inspections are superficial but it is best not to carry tobacco, liquors or perfumes in quantities, in fact any one thing taken in quantities, lace or dresses or jewelry would occasion trouble, but the ordinary goods and chatels, so to speak, will provoke no trouble, unless you strike an ugly officer or you win the ill-will of a head porter or official who wants to make trouble.

PARIS, THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD

The trip from Brussels to Paris is through rich and fertile sections of Belgium and France. It is largely devoted to agriculture and at times the flat country with its windmills reminds one of Holland. Upon arriving in Paris we went directly to the Hotel Continental, which is beautifully located near the Tuilleries Gardens. We were assigned to a room on the first floor, but as we were to remain in Paris we preferred a room with a street view and bath and made an exchange by paying a "supplement." The average European hotel makes much ado about a room with bath, but competition on the part of the newer hotels will force the more general recognition of the right to a bath without additional toll.

Paris! What is wrapt up in that name! I have been so fortunate as to have visited all the really large cities of America and the Continent, but Paris is the most wonderful city I have ever seen. Of course, I would rather by far live in New York or Philadelphia, but for genuine interest and charm Paris is alone. It has taken centuries of wear and tear, generations of pruning and rebuilding, the reckless use of authority, but the result has been a city of beauty and attractiveness. I am not interested in the under-world—that has no attraction for me. Every city has its strata of degeneracy and I presume has it in proportion to its population, and perhaps the desire to see and to pay for such things accentuates the desire to make money by supplying what is wanted. Wherever you go you are asked: "Want a guide to show you Paris by night?" The fact is they could not pay me instead of my paying them to see the under-world, much of which no doubt is driven there by poverty and none of which perhaps delights at the exhibition. There is an under-world in Paris, just as there is in every city, and it is emphasized here by the curious desire of some folks to thus amuse themselves. There is so much more of good and merit to see in Paris. It is distinctly a city of culture and progress—on every side you can see that the people are "doing things" and that is what interests me most.

A City that Compels Admiration.

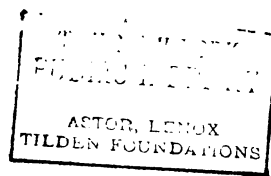
A city torn asunder, sacked and well-nigh ruined by one revolution after another, the last of which was after our "War Between the States," a city that occupies the pre-eminent place that Paris does to-day, must be both resourceful and rich. When the Germans vanquished the French in 1870-71 the effervescent French got mad and had another of their periodical "communes" and blew up or burned as many as eighteen important public buildings. Just outside of our window are the Tuilleries Gardens. There was a splendid palace in these gardens until the Commune destroyed it about forty years ago. Now there is no sign of the palace to which Louis XVI and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette were taken from Versailles in 1789 when there was another period of reckless destruction and wild disorder. They call it the Commune over here when Robespierre and the other "insurgents" had the reins. They have had four epoch-making revolutions in Paris, 1789, 1830, 1848 and 1871, and when you take a retrospective view and think of the destruction of life and property in these revolutions you wonder at the city before you to-day. They might have been tonics.

Most large cities have their narrow, ill-smelling and poorly-kept streets. The streets here are wonderfully laid out, for it must be remembered that Paris has a 2,000-year-old pedigree. The principal streets here are wide, very wide, perhaps a hundred feet—many are wider. There were narrow streets in the "Latin Quarter," as it was called, but a Baron Haussman, chief of police, planned and executed the widening of most of the narrow streets, and now the few that are left are pointed out as curiosities. We travelled about the city in all sorts of conveyances, and nothing impresses you more than the width and beauty of the boulevards, with the even line of neat houses, and here and there a patch of a park or a monument. All the streets are paved—wood block seems to be more generally used than stone or any of the tar preparations. I noticed that they are putting down considerable wood block, without any treatment in oil or tar for the blocks, but after the blocks have



PARIS—FRANCE

In the shadow of the famous Arch of Triumph, erected to Napoleon.



been placed they are covered with a thin sheet of cement. The streets are not as clean as those of many of the German cities.

The Automobiles of Paris.

There are thousands of hacks and automobiles on the streets for hire. There are more here than in any city we have visited, and they are all operated on the metre system. You pay for the distance. The hacks or carriages are all rubber-tired, so are the heavy passenger busses, and it is a rare sight to see a wagon drawn by a horse on the streets. The only horses we saw used for drayage were those attached to dump carts or hauling heavy stone. The horses when used for pulling are generally hitched tandem style, instead of abreast as with us. The great bulk of the hauling, as also the passenger business, is done with automobiles. The delivery wagons are all motor driven and the passenger automobiles! It is awful. In New York the automobiles give you a chance for your life, with the aid of the police. In Paris you have to take this little chance by yourself. In New York the police handle the automobiles at crossings with a mere wave of the hand; but in Paris the traffic police stand in the street merely to see that an ambulance is ordered in case you are run over, unless they are there for decorative purposes. The automobiles are the bosses here, and when you cross the avenues you pick your way across. Midway in the street there is an elevation, and you may "land" thereon to survey the situation and wonder why the police. There are a few electric tram-roads here, an excellent underground electric system, busses operated by motor and by horses. The motor-busses are driving the horses out of business, and the auto-busses appear to be great favorites. You pay according to the distance you ride in the busses; other fares are five American cents. Here, as all over Europe, the street-cars and busses make time by stopping only at regular stations. A red sign is posted on a lamp announcing that the car or bus stops there. It will not stop elsewhere. Sometimes there are blue signs indicating that the car will stop on signal. These stations for stops are often three or four blocks apart, such a thing as stopping at every corner is unheard of here, as throughout Europe.

We have seen quite a number of funerals during our twelve days' stay in Paris. The funeral procession is always headed by a city official who wears a sash showing the national colors and thereby his authority. Then follows the hearse and the chief mourners, many afoot and finally the carriages. Men and women walk together and often in large numbers behind the hearse. The funeral decorations are elaborate, often including many permanent wreaths made of wire and tinsel or porcelain. It is almost an invariable custom as a funeral procession passes for all men to remain with heads uncovered while the cortege passes.

In Germany, Italy and generally on the Continent there are many dogs, particularly of the smaller varieties. They are always seen on the streets or in the parks with muzzles, whether accompanied by their owners or not. In Paris the dogs are not muzzled and there are many taken out by their owners and many run about of their own accord.

Some of the Peculiarities of Paris Shopping.

Paris is, of course, known the world over as a shopping mart. You can buy anything you want here, provided, of course, you have the money. The shops here specialize more than in America, where the department stores have pretty well overshadowed the little dealer. In Paris, for instance, there are many shops that deal exclusively in gloves, many that sell the flimsy and delicate underwear or white dresses of women, and so on. The bulk of the business, however, appears to be with the very large department stores. They are veritable bee-hives, not so well kept or arranged as Macy's or Gimbel's or Wanamaker's, but busier. Wherever or whenever we went to a department store, the Louvre, the Lafayette Gallery, the Bon Marche, or any of them, we always found crowds. Rain or shine they appeared to be over-crowded and it was always difficult to get some one to wait on you. The Louvre, one of the largest here, was convenient to our hotel and we went there several times on shopping expeditions and always to find crowds, as bad as Thursday of Fair Week. In the City Hall department store, of the Seigel-Cooper type, you move along with the tide of buyers.

There are many peculiarities in Pa-

risian shopping. They offer many of their special sales on the sidewalks. For a block or two, the length of the store, you will find a counter piled high with "bargains" and around the counter scores of purchasers selecting the goods they wish. Dress goods, umbrellas, school bags, clothing, rugs, handkerchiefs and all manner of goods are piled out of doors on the sidewalk counters. After you have made your purchase you take the article, together with a check or bill and go to the cashier or "casse." The cashier lists your purchase, gives you the change, if any, has your bundle wrapped and if you want to purchase anything else you must seek the clerk or saleswoman and again go to the department cashier and yourself pay for your goods. The clerks do not handle the money and every purchase is listed by the cashier. This is done both to keep a check on the business and to separate the sales, the various salespeople having separate pages. We were informed that most of the department stores paid nominal wages, one to three francs a day, twenty to sixty cents, and supplied lunches. In addition they give two per cent on all sales; that is on \$50 they allow \$1 commission. In some departments the commissions are perhaps more, but you never saw such eager and anxious saleswomen as there are in Paris and the 2 per cent on all sales no doubt is very stimulative.

Less English Spoken than in Other European Cities.

Very little English is spoken in the stores or in business in Paris. The saleswomen who can speak English command better wages and are assigned to departments where the highest values are, and the foreign buyers go. In the feather and lace departments there are always those who speak English and generally each section or department has one clerk speaking English. Comparatively, there is more English spoken in Germany, Holland or Italy, in the cities, than here, and yet when you think of it, this is not strange. Paris is the heart of France, and French is and ought to be the universal language. Think how few Americans speak French and the contrast is in favor of the French knowing more of English. About the hotels you always find American or English help, and you are entirely safe in expecting to find some one speaking English in any of the larger hotels or department

stores, but it must always be remembered that the French are not too enthusiastic over those who do not speak their language.

Something About the Sights of Paris

But of the sights of Paris! I am not going into details or to attempt a guide-book exactness, first because there is too much about which to write, and, second, because the guide books and histories can relate these descriptions more interestingly than I can.

We were very fortunate in the selection of our guide. His name is Charles Annel. He has lived in America and speaks English quite well. He was particularly well posted on the places he visited and knew how to make himself entertaining. He was with us for three days, and we found that having a private guide and carriage for the two of us was by far the best and most economical way of seeing a city. This was our plan in every city we visited; in fact our guides and carriages were engaged before we left America, and we always found them awaiting us at about 9 o'clock in the morning. We would be out with them sight-seeing until noon, or 1 o'clock; return to the hotel for lunch and resume the sight-seeing at about 2 or 2.30 o'clock, remaining out until dark. Paris, too, is a very old city. The books and guides tell you that the island, a part of the city, was settled about 884, but that the real beginning of Paris was in the year 511, and that it has continued to grow since then.

Burial Place of the "Great Men of France."

Suppose we take the route adopted by our guide. We first went to the Pantheon, which is on the order of the Pantheon of Rome. First of all it was started in 1764 by Louis XV and was then designed as a church in honor of St Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, who is pictured on all sides. When the news of Mirabeau's death was heard it was determined to bury him in a "worthy tomb" and the church was converted into a Pantheon. Soon after Voltaire was removed to the Pantheon; then Marat and Jean Jacques Rousseau were buried in the home of the "Immortals." But with the change of feeling Marat and Mirabeau's tombs were desecrated and their bones thrown out in an old field. Later on Napoleon gave the building back to the Catholic Church, but Louis Philippe again converted it into a

Pantheon—a burial place for distinguished dead—and such it is to-day. It is now dedicated "To the Great Men of France," and is likely so to remain. It is, indeed, a beautiful structure. The outside, especially the portico, is a duplicate of the Pantheon in Rome. The interior is superbly decorated. The most important of the paintings is the series of panels dedicated to the four people—two men and two women—who did most for France. The panels portray the chief events in the lives of St Genevieve, 510-511; Charlemagne, 783; Louis IX, 1245; Joan of Arc, 1425. Each of these heroes or heroines is pictured by a great artist. Levy pictures the career of Charlemagne; Blanc that of St Genevieve, and most interesting are the eight panels depicting the career of Joan of Arc, concluding with her being burned at the stake. There is a picture of her trial before a Court of English and French, with a Cardinal presiding. Although to-day France does her memory the greatest of honors she was tried and ordered burned, the charge being that being a woman

she dressed as a man and as a warrior entered a house of God.

No burial can be had in the Pantheon except by direction of the General Assembly, so to speak. President Carnot, Victor Hugo and Emil Zola are among the best known Frenchmen buried there. Marcelin Berthelot is buried there and so is his wife. She is the only woman in the Pantheon. Berthelot was a great chemist and it was he who made the glass that provides the eternal light on the tomb of Napoleon. When he died it was directed that he should be honored with a place in the Pantheon. Strange to say his wife died a few minutes after he did and the chemist had directed that he should be buried by the side of his beloved wife. Here was a quandary. The House of Deputies was assembled, for no one can be buried in the Pantheon without such authority, and directions were given that Berthelot and his wife should be buried together, and that is the story of how a woman is buried in the temple dedicated "To the Great Men of France."

PARIS AND ITS PRICELESS TREASURERS

From the Pantheon it is but a step to the Church of St Etienne du Mort, one of the oldest and prettiest places of worship in Paris. It has a noteworthy place in history for it was the sister of Clovis, who in 510, placed the first stone in the building. Of course the original structure is not standing for there have been three restorations, the last in 1807. It contains the remains of St Genevieve, together with other relics. There is at St Etienne some excellent church painting, a noted spiral staircase, and two most exquisite panels of wood carving. Racine (1699) and Pascal (1662,) the great chemist, are buried in this church. It was here that Pope Pius VII prayed and "resided" when he went to Paris to attend the coronation of Napoleon I.

The Educational System of France.

We visited the schools that make up the Sorbonne and the other of the great universities of Paris. There are said to be 21,000 students at the Sorbonne alone and this is only one of the several higher grade institutions in Paris. France spends on her schools alone, \$60,000,000 a year. There is much about the educational system that is worth recording. First of all it is compulsory. The sexes are kept separate in all classes and grades. The French and American view is absolutely different with regard to boys and girls going together. Another excellent feature of the system is that a mid-day lunch is provided by the wife of the janitor. In the case of children unable to pay for this luncheon it is provided free of all cost, the idea being for the child to get a wholesome and hot plate of soup, piece of meat, or whatever else is served. Books, paper and even clothing and shoes are supplied those who need them and the children are taken away on vacations during the holiday season. This latter is done by contributed funds and we saw a number of such parties of school children on our various trips.

From St Etienne we drove around what is left of the Latin Quarter. As I have already said there are but few narrow streets or poor houses left. Of course there are thousands of students in Paris, but their homes are with the general run of people and the poverty of students is not general.

The Luxembourg Art Gallery and the Cluny Museum.

Next we went to the Luxembourg, one of the best modern art galleries we saw. The building was erected in 1615 by Marie Medici. It remained a royal palace until 1782-93, when the Commune had so many prisoners that it was turned into a prison. Later it was used as an assembly hall and now a wing is the seat of the Senate of France. The main body of the building is filled with modern statuary and paintings. Only the best works, prize-winners, find place in the Luxembourg, for no matter how excellent a painting may be it is not accepted in the Louvre until ten years after the death of the artist.

On entering the gallery one sees several splendid statues in marble by Rodin, Desbois and Mercie. There are many most excellent paintings in the Luxembourg. What impressed me most were: Leon Hermitte's "Paying Off;" Detaille's "The Soldier's Dream;" Mue-nir's "The Child at Piano;" Bouguereau's "The Virgin of Consolation;" Lefebvre's "Truth." Of course there are many other very attractive specimens in this choice gallery.

Close by is the statue of Marshall Ney, who was ordered shot in 1815. The French ridicule the idea that Ney escaped as they do the escape of the Dauphin.

The Cluny Museum is on the site of the oldest remains in Paris. It was here that the Romans built their Palace of Thermes, baths, a section of which is still in existence. Later on the Benedictine Monks built a monastery there to be used as a stopping place for the priests. In 1789 A. Du Sommerard bought the entire property and converted it into a wonderful Museum. The original purchaser had a remarkable collection of curios and since it became State property there have been very many donations from private sources. There is a collection of footwear from the earliest times to the present, from every clime and country. Then there is porcelain and laces, rings and jewelry, books and statuary, miniatures and medals, ivories and altars; in fact, it is a museum that could hardly be duplicated. It is a place well worth visiting.

The Famous Gobelin Tapestries.

The tapestries of France have long been famous. Since the time of Louis XIV the Government has encouraged and patronized these works. The Gobelin works, deriving their name from the man who started the work, are maintained at the State's expense. In earlier days it was much more extensive, but now about 150 men are employed in the interesting manufacture. The tapestries are all made by hand and many beautiful specimens are turned out for the use of the State, tapestries being extensively used in wall decorations. The process is to have a painting the exact size and coloring of the pattern that is to be executed and to work with this in the rear, using a mirror to show the operator or weaver what design and color to execute. The different colored silk threads are wound on bobbins and the design is woven by hand according to the reflected pattern. It is slow and tedious work and one can readily understand why the Gobelin tapestries are so expensive. We found the plant in operation and men doing the weaving. The patterns are generally after great artists and when we visited the place the workmen were making tapestry copies of works by Rubens, Desportes, Boucher, Coypel, Audran, Lubrun, Mignard and others. In the ground are several statues, one of Lebrun, who did much of the decorative work at Versailles and one of Colbert, who was a great financier and provided the funds for the campaigns and frivolities of Louis XIV.

Memories that are Linked with the Palace of Justice.

One of the most interesting and historic buildings in Paris; one that has been the scene of unnumbered and unheard of tragedies and that at the same time has witnessed much of joy and happiness is the Palace of Justice. In a story of Paris there occurs this paragraph:

"The mere name of the old establishment calls up terrible souvenirs, for its heavy walls have witnessed the passing of feudalism with its long trail of misery and blood. All the political movement, all the religious passions, have brought their share of horrors into the annals of that prison."

It was here that Queen Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday bared their necks and went from their prison doors to face the executioner; but this

is a mere page in the large volume of the Palace of Justice. Before it was a Court of Justice, as the Palace of Kings, it witnessed butcheries and assassinations and then it figured in the religious persecutions and later on, in 1792, it was the pivot of the terrible Commune and, strange to relate, Robespierre, Danton and the other who had written the death warrants of Marie Antoinette and others went to their execution from these same prison walls. As late as 1883 it was the prison for Prince Napoleon. It is around this Palace of Justice that much of the bloody history of Paris is written. It is a massive and beautiful building. It was badly damaged by fire in 1661 and 1776, but all of this was repaired as was the damage done by the Commune. In early days it was the Palace of the Kings and it was there that foreign potentates were received and entertained. It was here that Catherine of France was married to Henry V, of England. It continued to be the home of Kings and the scenes of their festivities until the Dauphin saw Robert le Clermont and Jean de Conflans have their throats cut before his very eyes and then he had the Hotel St Paul built, and later the Louvre became the Royal Palace.

The French revolutionists held their Courts in the Palace of Justice and here condemned the Austrian born Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, to death as well as Charlotte Corday, Madam Roland, and the red-headed DuBarry. Later on Marshall Ney and others occupied these cells. The prison, the exact one that the women condemned by the revolution occupied, is still to be seen, as is the Montgomery Tower, named after the celebrated Protestant who was imprisoned there by Catherine de Medicis. The cells of Danton, Marat and Saint Just have been destroyed.

All the old palaces had their own chapels for religious services. The chapel in the Palace of Justice is without doubt one of the most striking and beautiful to be seen. It is small, but its lines are the purest and finest Gothic. It was built in 1245 and remains practically intact. It is two stories high, the upper floor being the main chapel, the lower being used for servants and subordinates. Until late in the fifteenth century it was used by the Kings as their place of worship. On one side of the chapel there is a

small window, and tradition has it that Louis II was afraid of assassination and that he would put his head through and hear the services. During her eighteen months of imprisonment Marie Antoinette was allowed to attend services in this beautiful little chapel that has such splendid lines and exquisite old glass. Strange as it may sound the Commune tried to destroy this chapel, but it was saved by the troops. Services are now held in the chapel but once a year; the major portion of the building is in constant use for the Courts of the city. For one to know the history of the Palace of Justice would be to be familiar with most of the bloody history of the Capital City. It has its place in history beside the Tower of London, and yet they are regarded as show places.

The Louvre and its Wonderful Art Treasures.

The Louvre, unquestionably, is the most interesting and most important building in Paris to visitors. It is an old but none the less splendid structure. The Notre Dame Cathedral and the Louvre are regarded as the two best and most important types of architecture in Paris. As far back as the seventeenth century, when Dagobert was King, there was a royal chateau on the site. Philippe Augustus used it, but the real idea of the Louvre was brought by Francis I, after his return from Italy. In a word, the Louvre is the grouping of a series of palaces. Francis I built what he thought necessary, and in the same period Henry II and Louis XIII made additions. The next considerable period of development was by Louis XIV and the final period of construction was by Louis XV. It is a splendid group of buildings, originally constructed as the city home of Kings and Queens. Later it was used to entertain visiting Kings and royalty, but to-day the entire building, occupying several blocks of solid building space, is utilized to house the finest art collection known to the world.

The Louvre, as the Palace of Justice and the other public buildings of Paris, has its stories of love and sorrow, its pages of tragedy linked with its present-day glories. Marie de Medicis gave many of her gorgeous fetes in the Louvre. It was here that Henry IV married Marguerite of Valois; here Moliere first presented his comedies and the early sessions of the French Institute were held. Every two years the Salon, the exhibition of the works of living

artists, was held here. The credit for really starting the great art gallery is given Catherine de Medicis and it was during her time in this same Louvre that she and her son, Charles IX, planned the slaughter of the Huguenots and witnessed and rejoiced in the massacre.

The Louvre owes its firm establishment largely to Napoleon I. He made it a practice to take from the countries he conquered their great art treasures and send them to the Louvre. In later years many of these stolen treasures were returned to their original owners, but Paris had seen the possibilities of such a collection and the nation as well as the rich secured everything possible to add to this great art collection. A hundred or more years ago America was not in the field as it is now, and there was practically little competition, and in that way the French assembled in the Louvre a collection of pictures and art that is priceless and cannot be duplicated. It is not a collection of mere numbers, for great care has been exercised in the selection of the work that finds place in this gallery. You will be told that if the pictures were placed side by side that they would cover a wall space in single file of from twenty-five to thirty miles.

The Old and Modern Schools Well Represented.

We spent an afternoon in the Louvre with our guide and then to fix our impressions and again enjoy a view of the masterpieces we spent an additional morning there, and yet we felt that an entire day devoted to the Louvre was not sufficient to gather more than a superficial idea of the National Gallery. There is plenty in each of the schools for the student and more than the average visitor can grasp. The Louvre contains much of the best of all of the great artists that the world has ever produced. There are salons devoted to Rubens, and to Murillo, and Raphael, and De Vinci, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and all of the other ancient masters whose works command their weight in gold. But the works of the old masters are to be found in smaller number in many of the other galleries, and to my mind the distinguishing feature of the Louvre is its collection of the works of most modern artists; by that I mean such masters as Millet, Carot, Roussseau, Troyon, Boucher, Greuze, Watteau, Nattier, Henner, and from my point of view Meissonier is the most finished of them all. In one

room there are a dozen or more of Meissonier's splendid productions. They are all small, entirely unlike those of Rubens, for instance. Where Rubens would paint a head the size of a hand, Meissonier would do it with the same perfection in the size of a finger-nail. War pictures and characters taken from French life are the chief subjects of Meissonier's brush. Of course the world recognizes as one of the most famous painters represented in the Louvre J. F. Millet. "The Angelus" by him and "The Gleaners" are his most famous productions in the gallery. There are, however, others of his products, "The Shepherdess" striking me as being particularly good. The most prolific worker represented is Rubens. There is a room devoted entirely to his work, representing in large panels epochs in the lives of Henry IV and Marie de Medicis. There are in this series eighteen panels of heroic size, and in addition there are many other specimens from the brush of Rubens as well as those of his pupils.

Of course it is almost impossible to select a list of a few paintings in such a splendid array as being best, but out of the thousands displayed perhaps the average visitor would select Millet's "Angelus;" Meissonier's "Napoleon in 1814;" Meissonier's "The Amateur Painter;" Murillo's "Beggar-boy;" De Vinci's "Virgin and Child;" Pils's "The Marseillaise;" Raphael's "Madonna of

the Blue Veil;" Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Man;" Carot's "Landscape Scenes;" Henner's "The Readers;" Troyon's "Animals;" Lefebvre's "The Master and Pupil;" Greuze's "Prodigal Son" (series); Jacque's "Coronation of Napoleon I.;" Watteau's "Jupiter and Antiope;" Regnault's "Three Graces;" Mme Lebrun's "Mother and Child;" David's "Groups."

In addition to the splendid collection of paintings in the Louvre there are very many of the best known pieces of statuary, the most famous being "The Venus of Victory" and "The Venus De Milo." During the Franco-Prussian war the destruction of the priceless "Venus De Milo" being feared, it was buried in the cellar. The Louvre contains also a general museum and the crown jewels are an interesting feature of the collection. A very ordinary head of St Martin, which is highly valued, was presented by J. Pierpont Morgan. Among the crown jewels is a superb pearl necklace which was collected during twenty-seven years by Thiers, to whom was offered the first Presidency of the Republic.

The people in Paris all seem agreed that the Mona Lisa, the famous painting by Da Vinci, and which was stolen from the Louvre, could only have been removed by collusion between the thief and some of the guards. It was a large painting and on wood, and of course could not be rolled up.

VERSAILLES, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND ITS MEMORIES

The next day we spent seeing the Palaces and gardens at Versailles. The following Sunday we devoted to Fontainebleau. Louis XIV out of pique and dissatisfaction with his residence in Paris created Versailles, and in doing so the Louvre was abandoned and left unfinished, and the Tuilleries was left empty. It was at Versailles that Louis XIV showed his reckless expenditure of money and indifference to the people. The Chateau and its gardens cost at least thirty million dollars as reckoned by present money standards and, in addition, many thousand lives. After building the main palace the Grand and Little Trianons were erected as homes for the mistresses of Louis XIV. History records that Madame du Barry cost the nation forty million livres, and that the Larger Trianon was given to Madame Maintenon, whom Louis XIV in later years married.

The Palace at Versailles.

The Little Trianon was built for Madame du Barry, but its chief interest is in the fact that Marie Antoinette lived there. After the days of Louis XVI, who with Marie Antoinette were taken by the mob in 1789 to Paris, later to be guillotined, Versailles was abandoned as the official residence of the Kings. Louis Philippe undertook the restoration of the Chateau and beautiful grounds, and it is now maintained as one of the show places around Paris. When Louis XIV established the royal residence at Versailles in 1682 there were still 36,000 workmen engaged in completing the Palace. Louis XIV was a big figure in French history, and although he was "a bit gay" he is credited with doing things. One of his ideas was to have his nobles pay him personal homage at Versailles, and that is why there were originally so many rooms and why so much ground is covered. It is said that the Palace at Versailles could and did accommodate as many as 5,000 people at one time. Of course the fact that it harbored Madame Du Barry, Madame de Mailley, Madame de Chateauroux, Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Maintenon and a string of lesser lights gives it a bit of romance, and then it was here that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette spent their most memorable days. You will be shown the gardens and dairy

houses of Marie Antoinette and the theatre she had built, and in which she acted.

The wonderful gardens and fountains at Versailles are the chief attraction. Louis XVI did not count cost either in planning the grounds or in securing the water supply for the fountains. Only once a month do the seventy-five fountains play and we were so fortunate as to visit Versailles on the one day. We with about 39,999 other people went to enjoy the sights and to see the remarkable display of fountains. It was a great throng and every one seemed in the best of humor. In the Palace the crowds could hardly move about, and yet no one got vexed. I got a very good picture of the Bassin de Latone, one of the notable fountains on the grounds. It is a rare sight to see the superb arch-covered promenades about the gardens. Hundreds of acres are kept as trim and neat as the best front yard in Columbia.

There is much in the Palace that is interesting. It was finished with reckless lavishness for those days. The apartments of Louis XIV and Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and of Napoleon I are of particular interest. Some of the richest and finest of the famous Gobelin tapestries are used in decorating these rooms. The ceilings are decorated by Charles La Brun and other of the great artists of the day. In one room there are kept three hundred of the wigs worn by Louis XIV and the one worn by him at the time of his death. The apartments occupied by Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette when the mob went to Versailles to take them to Paris are interesting and are elaborately furnished. Marie Antoinette tried to escape from the mob; three of her guards were killed, but she was caught and taken to prison, separate from her royal husband.

There is here a beautiful marble statue of Napoleon just before his death on St Helena. It is a striking and lifelike carving. The French adore this statue and whenever they see it say something unkind of Gen Howe, his keeper. The apartments of Napoleon are small and simple, and this appears to be the general rule, for he does not appear to have been a man who cared much about his play for himself.

Impressive Paintings in the Gallery of Battles.

The Gallery of the Battles is emphatically one of the most beautiful rooms we saw in all Europe. Great artists were employed by Louis Philippe to picture the great battles in which France won fame and glory. The works are all of heroic size and by the best artists. One of the paintings is the Council at Yorktown between Washington, Rochambeau and Lafayette. The French regard this as one of their victories and they stress the part of Rochambeau more than that of either Washington or Lafayette. The Gallery of Battles has paintings of Friedland, Wagram, D'iena, Austerlitz, Hohenlinden, Germany; Rivoli, Italy; De Fleurus, Belgium; Yorktown, Virginia. The pictures portray the soldiery, the opposing generals and the battle ground. We thoroughly enjoyed the day at Versailles, and after seeing Neptune, the largest fountain, play, got in our carriage and returned to our hotel by dark. It was at Versailles that William I was crowned as Emperor of Germany, with his victorious army surrounding him in a French palace.

Fontainebleau.

On the following Sunday we went to Fontainebleau, another of the famous palaces and now used as a museum. It is not as large as Versailles, but it is rich in finish and history. The French Kings built well when they erected Fontainebleau, and did not reckon cost. Gold and silver are freely used in the decorations. Gobelins supplied much of his finest tapestry for the walls and Boucher and other famous artists embellished the walls. In the chapel there is a superb ceiling after Angelo. There is not one large room that overwhelms the others, but many very elegant apartments and suites. The library, somewhat narrow, but a perfect piece of architecture, struck my fancy and impressed me as an ideal library room. It is thirty-seven miles from Paris to Fontainebleau and as many miles back; therefore we had to ride seventy-four miles to see the palace. We made the trip in a small touring car and we were so unfortunate as to have assigned to us the poorest guide we had on our trip, for generally the guides are very fine. The motor drive to Fontainebleau is full of interest, passing as we did through places of interest and the towns in which Millet, Rosa Bonheur and other great artists thrived.

Memories of Napoleon.

The first work at Fontainebleau was done in 1162 by Louis VII. This was not the present palace, however, but rather a fortified castle. Francis I in the sixteenth century was the real founder of the beautiful palace that harbors so many rich historical reminiscences. Henry IV lived there. Louis XIV signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes there. Louis XV was married there. Mme Maintenon held forth there for a while. Catherine de Medici and Anne of Austria left their imprint in the palace. Marie Antoinette had apartments and held court there, but in some way the impress and flavor of Napoleon I are most distinct. It was here he lived most of the time that he was not on the battlefield. It was here that the divorce from Josephine was announced. It was here that he signed his abdication and bade farewell to his faithful soldiers and it was here when he returned for the noted "Hundred Days" that he reviewed his troops before going to Paris and finally to his Waterloo. Many of the rooms at Fontainebleau bear the Napoleonic letter "N" with the emblem of the bee. In this palace more than any other do you see the emblems of the reigning houses—the "F. F." and salamander of Francis I and the "A. A." of Anne of Austria. In one of the rooms is shown the famous hat worn by Napoleon, a lock of his hair, stones from his temporary tomb at St Helena, his cloak and the little table on which he signed his abdication from the throne. You are shown a hole in the table and are told that Napoleon in his rage jabbed it with the pen-knife. The throne room of Napoleon, as the other rooms occupied by this hero of the French nation, are kept as nearly intact as possible. It is noteworthy that Napoleon was partial to the use of cameo effects in his decorations. There is a bit of a mirror in one of the splendid rooms and it is related that this is the first piece of looking-glass brought into France from Venice, and it was brought by Henry IV for Marie de Medici.

The gardens at Fontainebleau are quite pretty but not so elaborate or extensive as at Versailles. Approaching Fontainebleau you pass through the magnificent virgin forest; it embraces fifty miles and is said to be the most extensive in France.

A Round of Sight-seeing.

On our third day of sight-seeing we went to the Madeleine Church and after going through it we continued on our way through the city to the site of the old Bastille.

The Madeleine Church is a magnificent structure fronted with Corinthian columns and fashioned after the Temple of Glory at Athens. This Church is said to be the richest in Paris. We drove through the Park Monceau where many of the typical residences of the Parisians are located.

The Place de la Concorde is one of the prettiest of the many open plazas of the city. In the centre of the square is the Obelisk of Luxor and it is said that at about this spot 2,800 Frenchmen were guillotined. It is around this plaza that there are located statues to commemorate the largest cities and seaports of France. One of these is erected to the city of Stratsburg, now German territory, and on the 14th of each July the monument is decorated by people from Alsace-Lorraine who still love France. The home which was once the Parisian residence of Madame du Barry is now the official residence of the President of the Republic. It is prettily located in a large garden.

Paris has been partial to expositions and has left as tokens of these undertakings the Trocadero, the Grand Palace and the Eiffel Tower. The Grand Palace is now used for exposition purposes and has a seating capacity of 14,000 when used for public celebrations.

An Architectural Masterpiece.

The Arch of Triumph, which was begun in 1806, by Napoleon, was finished in 1836 at a cost of ten million francs. It is one of the architectural masterpieces of Paris. Located in the centre of the square it is the focus of twelve of the leading avenues. On the panels of the arch are carved large pieces of statuary in harmony with the purpose of the arch. The location of the arch was selected by Napoleon himself on the top of the Champs Elysees. Before it was completed Napoleon had it temporarily covered so that Marie Louise might enter the city under it. The monument is 160 feet high, has a width of 148 feet, and the main arch is 93 feet above the pavement. When Napoleon was brought back to France his body was placed under the arch and in later years Victor Hugo had a similar honor. It is related that when the Germans

entered Paris in 1870, that it was the purpose of the general to march his army under this arch. When he arrived there he found 2,000 children massed in front of the monument and the commanding general was told by one of the children that the soldiers would have to march over the bodies of infants before the troops could go under the arch, and the humane colonel went around instead of under the arch that Napoleon has consecrated to Marengo. Whatever relates to Napoleon is held in high veneration by the people of Paris and France. Whatever he did, whatever he left is venerated by the people. Even his divorce from Josephine is excused on the grounds of the political necessity of Napoleon having an heir. Napoleon is the one great and overshadowing figure in French history as viewed by the Frenchmen.

The Tomb of Napoleon.

We went to the Invalides principally to see the tomb of Napoleon. In fact we went there twice, so thrilling was the impression. The Invalides was originally constructed by Louise XIV as a home for old soldiers, but the veterans never liked it and it was never fully occupied. Now there are less than a hundred old soldiers there. There is a museum at the Invalides and the chapel contains a number of modern flags, trophies of war. A great number of battle flags were in this chapel until the allied troops approached Paris, when they were all burned to prevent the allies regaining their standards.

The centrepiece, so to speak, of the tomb of Napoleon is the immense sarcophagus in which are the remains of Napoleon brought from St Helena in 1840, nearly twenty years after his death. The tomb itself is in a circular opening like Grant's tomb, though on larger proportions. You stand overhead and look down over a railing on the tomb which is of massive reddish quartz, dotted with golden spots. On the floor level where the tomb stands is a rug bearing the names of a half dozen of Napoleon's victories, Wagram, Marengo, Austerlitz and others. There are several stands of colors that were not destroyed. Two of Napoleon's brothers, Jerome and Joseph, are buried on the main floor, but not on a level with Napoleon's tomb. Duroc and Bertrand, two of the ever faithful followers of Napoleon the latter of whom was with him at the time of his death, were given place in the Invalides. There shines on the tomb of Napoleon a re-

markably rich and mellow blending of light. The glass designed especially for this purpose was made by Bertillot and is a wonderful combination so far as results count. It is said that the glass has never been successfully imitated and that rain or shine, bright or dark, there is always the same brilliant light shed on the tomb.

All of the French Kings did not fare so well. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, after they were beheaded in 1793 were, so to speak, thrown on the dump

heap, where some 35,000 others had gone in answer to the savagery of the mob spirit of the Commune. The Kings and Queens of France had for generations before been buried at Saint Denis and the revolutionists of 1793 went there, smashed the tombs and threw the remains out into the fields. When the Bourbons came back into power the bodies of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and their daughter Elizabeth, were given proper burial at Saint Denis.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS

We spent an afternoon at the beautiful Pere La Chaise burial ground. The place is beautifully kept and presents a peculiarly fascinating series of tombs grouped along avenues. The burials are above ground in mausoleums. In 1804 it was opened to the public by Napoleon and along the main avenue are the tombs of men who have done something for humanity—painters, artists, poets, warriors. Here is Hausmann's tomb, the man who built boulevards. As you enter the cemetery you see at the head of the main avenue the beautiful monument erected to the volunteer troops who died in the Franco-Prussian war. Chopin's tomb is here and shows that the great composer died at the age of 33. One of the famous tombs and one that always attracts attention is the one to Abelard and Heloise, the two lovers whose tragedy has been the frequent topic of writers. La Chaise Cemetery is for Jew or Gentile, Christian or Mohammedan, Protestant or Catholic. This is a very unusual custom, but there is no good reason why in death all should not sleep in the same beautiful cemetery and perhaps it may tend to teach more toleration in life. There are one or two avenues almost entirely filled with the tombs of Jewish families, and in their midst are many who did not die in that faith.

Points of Interest.

We visited the Cathedral of Saint Eustache, the patron saint of fishermen, and the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Both are well-known and old structures. The Eustache is the church of the poor. It is next door to the market; Notre Dame is the church of Paris. It was here that Napoleon was crowned before eleven thousand people. Colbert, the great finance minister, is buried in Eustache and the story goes that the mob of fisher-women that went to get Marie Antoinette from Versailles started from around the church. We visited with our guide the City Hall, a large building with an abundant history; the monument that marks the site of the famous Bastille; the cemetery of the Madeleine and many other places, but this story is perhaps already too long drawn out. After we had finished our sight-seeing with our guide, a most excellent one, we made several trips in

the open carriages that can be rented on the street at fixed rates, about \$1 for two hours, and we found this a most satisfactory way to see Paris. At times we would patronize the street cars and double-deck busses, and found the trip from the Madeleine to the Bastille particularly interesting and through the busy section of the city. We undertook to visit all parts of Paris and whenever we went the crowds were present. Paris is surrounded by a wall. It is useless as a military protection and there is now talk of taking the wall away and building a superb boulevard to circle the city. The wall, however, marks the official boundary of the city. It is a comparatively small area to contain three million inhabitants and the records show that the city is more densely populated than any other European city.

The houses are all of brick and are almost all constructed on the street line, without front yards. For blocks and blocks you may see a line of unbroken apartment or tenement houses, all of the same architecture and all the same height. In the better residential section this sameness is not traceable and often homes stand apart in pretty gardens. This, however, is not general; the ground space is too valuable and where latitude is wanted out of doors the nearby country is chosen as the site for villas. Paris spends a mass of money in its upkeep and development and much of this is derived from a tax on building materials that enter the city, and in this connection the city's walls and gates figure. An automobile on leaving Paris has its gasoline measured and regauged on its return, for Paris collects twenty cents tax on every gallon of gasoline sold there. We were informed that the retail price of gasoline in Paris was forty-seven cents the gallon, and yet there are thousands upon thousands of automobiles there that are run with but little regard to the rights of pedestrians. The police appear powerless and the one redeeming feature, perhaps, for self-preservation is that all vehicles going one way use one side of the street and those going in the opposite direction use the other half of the street. This is absolute and inviolable.

The Unique Way by which Pleasure-seekers Help the Poor.

There are not many poor in Paris. If there are they are not seen about the streets as in Italy and other cities. My understanding is that while there are a great many Parisians in modest and moderate circumstances, there are really few very poor. Naturally in a population of three million there are some unfortunates and improvidents, but the city, the churches and the rich take care of them. We observed one little trick that is enforced in Paris that is both unique and with merit. Every one who buys a theatre or amusement ticket to the value of \$1 must at the time of the purchase pay 10 per cent to the poor. If you buy a ticket for \$1 you contribute ten cents to the poor; if you can afford \$2 for a ticket to an opera or theatre you must donate twenty cents to the poor. The theatres collect the 10 per cent at the time of purchase and the city handles the fund, which no doubt in the course of the years aggregates considerable. Folks who never think of giving the poor, but who are constant attendants at the opera and theatres are thus made to do at least a little charity.

The stamp tax in France is constant. Go into a store and buy a bill of goods and if you want a receipt a stamp must be affixed. On every bill of over \$2 a two-cent (ten centimes) stamp must be affixed. Whenever a package is sent to your hotel a bill generally accompanies it and the stamp is included. Tickets for trips or theatre or other evidence of the payment of over \$2 must have this two cents stamp, and it can be appreciated, after our brief experience with the Spanish-American war tax stamp, what a source of revenue this every-day tax must be.

Sunday Observance in Paris.

We did not find it at all difficult to go around Paris and to always get back to the Continental Hotel. The police cannot understand a word of English and after you have told them the place or street you want they point and that is of some service. Sunday observance in Paris is very much like that in other Continental cities. There are great numbers of working people and it is realized that they are entitled to their share of the pleasures, hence the freedom. Practically all places of amusement are open on Sundays; all the theatres except grand opera.

Paris has its sidewalk and out-of-door gardens where the people sit around and eat and drink. In Germany quantities of beer is consumed on these sidewalk "gardens," while in Paris there is but little beer and much more of coffee, chocolate, ice cream and wines. There are not near as many such gardens in Paris as in Germany or Switzerland, but they are all filled to capacity on Sundays. Paris has many gardens and parks and these are much frequented, especially when there are military concerts. The better class of stores do not open on Sundays, but there are many open and we found the street markets, for the sale of meats, vegetables and all manner of cheap merchandise in full operation on Sundays. It is a very interesting sight of a Sunday to watch the street traffic and note the volume of stuff that is bought.

Two of the interesting sights are the book stalls along the river and those in the Palais Royal. I had thought that the latter was a store of importance so we went there and it is the most thoroughly "run down at the heels" place we saw in Paris. Once the Palace of Cardinal Richelieu and the home of gay carnival and revelry, it is now used for little shops. There are one or two that display a fair line of wares but most of them sell cheap jewelry and display "smooty" books that have at least suggestive title pages. It is distinctly a "has been" place. You could see the names and part of the decorations of the restaurants and cafes that have passed into history and their places are now taken by "Cheap John" shops. The open-air books stalls are more noted as reminiscent of old Paris than for the books they carry. I found no American books and few sales were being made.

Paris Women of the Middle Classes.

In Paris as all over the Continent the women work as do the men. In Germany they let the women do any and everything and often appear to impose on the willingness of women to do work that in America we never associate with that sex. In France the women are not so frequently found doing the heavier grades of manual work. Many are employed in stores as saleswomen, many keep books and of course, thousands are employed in the fashionable sewing establishments. Paquin, we were told, employs seven to eight hundred girls. Married women,

those of the middle classes, do clerical or other similar kind of work. Of course, one expects to see "made-up" women in Paris, and the generous use of face powders, rouge and the like. There is no more rouge used in Paris than in New York and the pity is that it is tolerated anywhere. The most noticeable use of cosmetics is the painting of the lips. It is not at all infrequent that one sees a woman with her lips painted the deepest red and no other paint or powder is visible on her face. The dress is practically the same as in America. The women dress well and neatly and most of them are trim and good looking. Paris, they say, "sets the fashion." If this be true heed the prediction that feathers ostrich or any other, will be the vogue. Feathers are being used on hats for trimmings, for boas around the neck, short and long, in fact there is an epidemic of feathers. The prevailing colors are royal purple, green and brown. While in Paris there was quite a controversy with regard to the width of skirts that would be fashionable and the edict appears to be that the narrow skirt is to continue fashionable.

I have never seen quite as much and as fine fruit as is offered on the markets of Paris, and it is not unreasonable in price.

Tips.

This is a topic on which I might write a folio. One has to expect to give tips, both in Europe and America, to get service and that is all there is to it. There is no need to be extravagant with these gratuities, but they are expected and those who travel must expect to reckon on this expense. The waiters, the maids, the porters, the baggage handlers, the trainmen, all expect tips and to fail to give will mean trouble. For some reason more is expected from Americans than others. They have "spoiled" the recipients of tips by giving more than others and for that reason alone more is expected of them. A young woman told us this illustrative story. She had been in Iceland and while there talked to the

King of Denmark, who was also there on a visit. The ubiquitous photographer took a "snap" of the young lady talking to the King of Denmark and later on offered to sell her a picture of the scene for \$50. She refused to buy at that price, but subsequently bought the picture for \$1 25, and the photographer told the young woman that he had asked her \$50 because he thought she was an American, and in that event he would have gotten the \$50. She was English. We were frequently told that the "system" expected its largest tips from Americans, next in size from the English, then came the French, then the Germans and lowest of all the Italians.

My familiarity with German stood me in good stead all over the Continent, except in France. The French still have a deep-seated and lasting sentiment against the Germans who only forty years ago marched their triumphant armies through the streets of Paris and crowned their King, Emperor of the German Empire in the Palace at Versailles.

Railroad travel in France is altogether convenient, the compartment system being in effect. The rates for first class travel are higher than with us, but lower classes are less. Throughout England and Germany we saw no grade crossings and but few in France and the effort now is to get rid of the few that are left. The grade crossing in Europe is the exception and this to a large extent accounts for the small coaches, the cost of rebuilding bridges and securing new grades being too great an undertaking.

Paris is a wonderfully well-lighted city and to go out of an evening and see the throngs on the beautiful boulevards all full of life and pleasure-seekers is indeed a rare treat.

If it were so that I had to make a single choice out of all the places visited on the continent, my preference would be Paris. It combines more that is both historic and beautiful than any of the cities we visited, at least, in my opinion.

THE RETURN HOME FROM THE TRIP

Our original plan was to leave Paris for home on September 5, but we changed our booking to September 11, so that we might return to New York on the express steamer, Kaiser Wilhelm II. This is one of the fastest and best ships of the North German Lloyd and made surprisingly quick time between ports. The steamship company ran a special train from Paris to Cherbourg, our port of embarkation, leaving Paris at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 11th. The travel from Paris was so great that it was necessary to run two sections of the "Special" between Paris and Cherbourg. We travelled on the first section and had as travelling companion in our compartment Frau Alma Gluck, the well-known opera singer, whom we found most agreeable. Arriving at Cherbourg about 4 o'clock we boarded a waiting tender to be taken out to the Kaiser Wilhelm which lay out in the harbor and could not come up to the wharf at Cherbourg. The passengers, baggage and mail had to be taken over to the steamship and at 6.30 o'clock on the evening of the 11th we started for the American shores and it was, indeed, a race for the berth at Hoboken. It was a drive all along; the last day was quite boisterous but our ship drove ahead, indifferent to the heavy wind or sea and bent on landing its passengers in America before noon of the 17th and it did so, with ample margin.

The Return Voyage.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II, is a fast-express steamship for the highest priced travel and that tells the whole story. Although we took what is known as the southernly route and no doubt travelled in safety, everything seemed subservient to speed. The one idea seemed to get to America and perhaps the unanimous feeling of the passengers was, having started, to get back home. Practically all the passengers were Americans returning home after their visit to Europe and the effort appears to be to always return home on the fastest boats that can be found. The literature of the Kaiser Wilhelm II will tell you that there is no vibration, but there is. There is no rocking or tumbling but the speed involves vibration—a constant shaking—and be-

cause of the desired speed you have the concomitant vibration. You get accustomed to it, however, and are glad you are on a "fast" boat. We were fortunate in securing Room 136, which was spacious and outside and entirely comfortable.

I had not gotten tickets for the dining room and when the chief steward was visited there was a complaining and clamoring crowd about his desk. I told him I could wait and exercised patience and perhaps tact, and as a result was rewarded with seats at a centre table with a most charming family group from Minneapolis. In the party were Mr and Mrs E. C. G., and their little boy Richard, and Miss B. They were in every way cultured and refined people and we found them very congenial.

Meeting Old Friends.

We were also so fortunate as to meet as we were boarding the "Special" Mr and Mrs Simon S. and Mrs Pauline L., the only Columbia folks we met on our entire trip. They were accompanied by Mrs S's sister, Mrs H., and her husband and it was altogether an agreeable surprise. We found our Columbia friends enthusiastic over their European trip and we spent many delightful hours comparing experiences and exchanging our home news. It is, indeed, a pleasant experience to meet such old and companionable friends as these are and it proved one of our most pleasant surprises. Among the passengers were quite a number of deaf mutes who were returning from an international conference. Mr and Mrs H., were delegates. They are far advanced in the work and are recognized as leaders in the deaf mute educational field.

The steamer starts for Bremen, "puts in" at Southampton, takes on most of its passengers at Cherbourg and then begins the race for America. With the exception of the last day of our trip the weather was delightful, but the last evening was quite rough. Indeed, so much so that the guard rails had to be used on the tables to keep the dishes from sliding off. On Sunday there were two divine services in the main salon, one Catholic and another Protestant. This was the day on which the custom

declarations were asked for and there was much figuring incident to filing these papers. Rather than take any chances and avoid any possible trouble at the wind-up of what had been such a pleasant trip I made a full declaration, that is, in the aggregate. I did not itemize the articles, but recorded: Dresses, so much; jewelry, so much; gloves and hats, so much, and so on. We landed at Hoboken at eleven and had lunch while the steamer was being made fast. When we got on the wharf we were made happy by meeting Helen, who was accompanied by Aunt K. and D. M., we had the joyous news that all were well and then began the task of assembling all our baggage, hand and trunks.

Getting Through the Customs.

All the baggage has to be placed together before an inspector is assigned you and this took some time. Finally, after we had all our packages, I secured an inspector, and after he had looked through our trunks and valises he brought an appraiser, as we had not placed a valuation on each article. The appraiser looked at the dresses, asked a few questions as to who made them; how much the jewelry cost; how many pairs of gloves we had and meanwhile put down figures in red. The declaration was returned to the inspector and together we went to the cashier's desk, where I was told that my custom charges amounted to a certain round sum. This was paid and together we returned to our "pile" of baggage, where the inspector pasted little slips on our parcels and the sledge with the customs officers was over.

Next to us was a woman with many trunks and her declaration evidently did not satisfy the inspector and she was shedding bitter tears when we were leaving. Of course much depends on the temperament and views of the inspector assigned you for the examination. When you ask for the officer you have assigned the first man in the

line. You cannot secure any special inspector, but for that matter all were strangers to us. The young fellow, however, who examined our baggage must have "sized" us or our goods, or been satisfied with our declaration. He could not have been nicer and our declaration called for the payment of duty. I had no idea of the comparative tariff on the various articles declared before we landed. The treasury department is said to have its agents on board the larger steamers to keep an eye out for smuggling. I have no doubt passengers could easily avoid paying duty on small articles, but after all it is full of risk and the saving is not worth the mental anguish, aside from the wrong. Our inspector rather intimated that we had declared too much, but it was best.

Home Again.

After getting through the customs we had our baggage loaded on a two-horse cab and off we went for our hotel in New York, the Woodward, and here we may record "Finis" for our ever-to-be-remembered trip abroad. We do not have to record a single unpleasant incident, a missed train or schedule, an unprepared host at any of our hotels, a single day's sickness—all was pleasant and enjoyable. And when we return to our dear home in Columbia and there find our boys, August and Theodore, in perfect health, we, indeed, have much for which to be thankful. There is one sorrow, and that is that neither of our dear parents are alive to hear of the pleasures that we so thoroughly enjoyed and that my dear father and mother are no longer here for me to picture to them the scenes that we have just seen, that were so familiar to them. I hope some day that you will all visit these scenes, after you have "seen America," and that your delight will be as great as ours has been.

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